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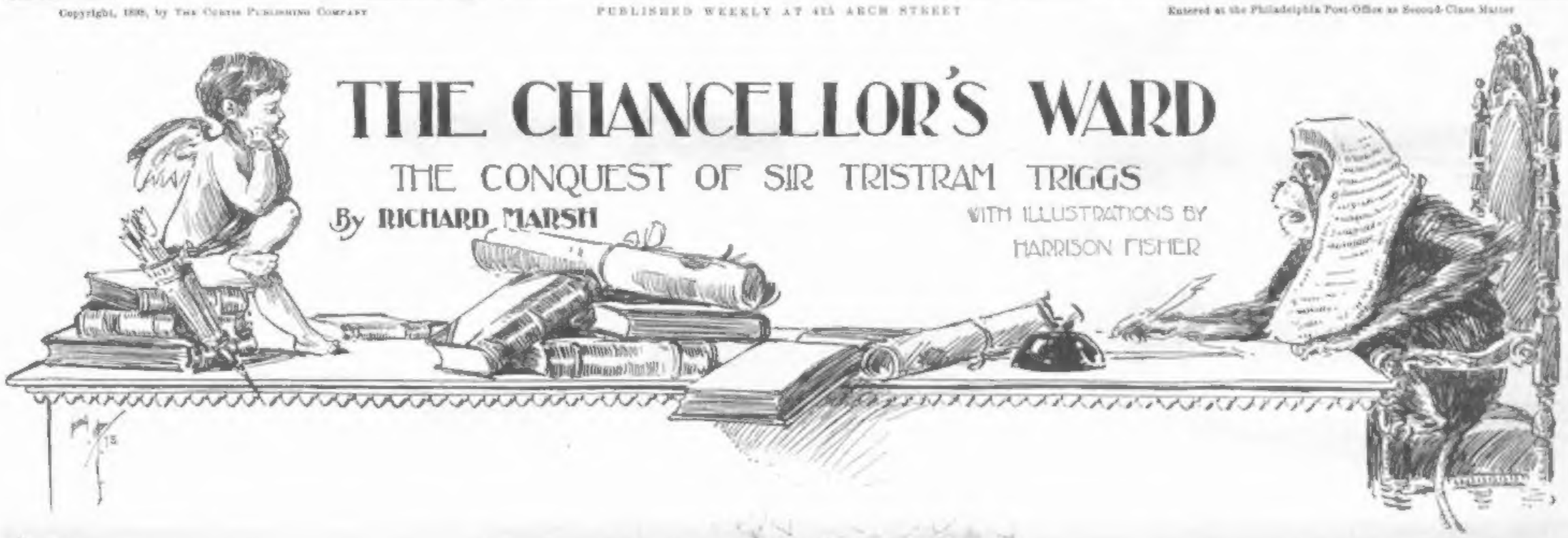

THE CHANCELLOR'S WARD

THE CONQUEST OF SIR TRISTRAM TRIGGS

By RICHARD MARSH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER

"THE simple question is, my dear Tommy, are you going to take me or leave me?"

This was in Hyde Park. They were seated on one of those seats which are in front of the police station. Neither of them ought to have been there, which, of course, was one of the reasons why they were. Mr. Stanham turned his eyeglass full upon Miss Cullen. Perhaps he thought that that was sufficient answer. Anyhow, she went on:

"In other words—to make it plainer—are you going to marry me or are you not?"

"I should rather hope so."

"Then, if you do intend to marry me, Mr. Thomas Stanham, you'll be so good as to do so on Thursday morning next, before noon, and not a minute later."

◆

Mr. Stanham began to scratch the gravel with his stick.

"And get seven years' penal."

"Stuff! They don't give you penal servitude for marrying wards in Chancery, for you know the State is my guardian. It's contempt of Court."

"Yes, I know. Have to wash out your cell, and stand at 'attention,' with your hat off, while the Governor cuts you dead."

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to tell me what it is that you do propose to do. Do you imagine that you are the sort of person the Court of Chancery will ever allow to marry me?"

"Haven't so much imagination, my dear."

"Then do you suppose that I'm the sort of girl who's willing to wait, and not marry her sweetheart, until she's twenty-five? Because, if you suppose anything of that kind, we must be perfect strangers hereafter."

"It's very good of you, I'm sure. I appreciate it."

"Oh, I daresay. You don't love me that much." Miss Cullen flicked her parasol. "Because a horrid old uncle chooses to say that I'm to be a ward of the Court until I'm five-and-twenty, am I to be a spinster all my life? If you loved me the least little bit, you'd invite the Lord Chancellor to come and see you marry me in the middle of Hyde Park, even if, directly after the deed was done, he had your head cut off on Tower Hill."

◆

Of course he married her. On the morning of the specified Thursday she went out for a stroll, and he went out for a stroll, and they met at the registrar's, and, as she put it, the deed was done. And, when the deed was done, she went home to lunch. And now here they were, both of them, at Tuttenham.

They encountered each other on the door-step. She said, "How do you do, Mr. Stanham?" And he said, "How do you do, Miss Cullen?"

"Nice way in which to have to greet your own wife," he told himself, on reaching his room.

Then his host, the Duke of Datchet, got him into his own particular smoking-room. The Duke was in an armchair. Mr. Stanham stood before the fireplace with his hands in his pockets. The talk wandered from Dan to Beersheba. Then the Duke dropped what he evidently intended to be taken as a hint.

◆

"If you take my advice, young man, you'll keep clear of Frances Cullen. She's here."

Mr. Stanham winced.

"Is she? Yes, I know. I met her on the steps."

"Did you!" The Duke eyed him. He, not improbably, had observed the wince. "Warnings are issued all along that coast. Steer clear."

"What do you think they'd do to a man if he were bold enough to marry her?"

"Do to him! Tommy! I hope you're not meditating such a crime. She's not an ordinary, every-day ward of the Court, any more than she's an ordinary millionaire."

"So I suppose."

"You had a little fun with her in town. Everybody had their eyes on you, as you're

"NEITHER OF THEM OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THERE"

aware. And when the Duchess told me she was coming, I'd half a mind to write and put you off—fact! This is not a house in which even tacit encouragement can be offered to a dalliance with crime. Not"—the Duke pulled at his pipe—"not that she's half a bad sort of girl. She's clever. Very pretty. And she's got a way about her which plays havoc with a man."

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure."

"What do you mean?"

"For saying a good word for my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Mrs. Thomas Stanham—*nee* Cullen."

"Tommy! You don't mean it!"

"You can bet I do. I've got a copy of the marriage certificate in my pocket, and I rather fancy that she's got the original document in hers."

"You—young blackguard!"

"Sort of cousin of yours, ain't I, Datchet? It's really all in the same family, you know."

"How did you do it?—and when?—and who knows?"

"Only you and me and the lady. That's what's weighing on my mind. What's the good of having a wife if she ain't your wife—or, at any rate, if you daren't say publicly that she's your wife, for the life of you?"

•

The Duke suddenly rose from his seat. He seemed to be in a state of actual agitation.

"Tommy, do you know that the Chancellor is coming here?"

"Who?"

"The Lord Chancellor himself. The carriage went to meet him an hour ago."

Mr. Stanham looked a trifle blank.

"I didn't know the ministry was formed."

"It's formed, but it's not announced. Triggs is to be the Lord Chancellor."

"And what sort of gentleman may Triggs be, when he's at home?"

"Sir Tristram? Well!" The Duke was walking up and down the room. He appeared to be reflecting. "He's rather a queer card, Triggs is. He's been a bit of a wildish character in his time—and they do say that his time's not long gone. He has a temper of his own—a nasty one." Pausing, the Duke fixedly regarded Mr. Stanham. "I should say that when Triggs learns what you have done he will clap you into jail."

Mr. Stanham's countenance wore a look of dire consternation.

"No! She's to be a ward until she's twenty-five, and she's not yet twenty-two."

"Then, in that case, I should say that, at the very least, you are in for three good years of prison. My advice to you is——"

The Duke's advice remained unuttered. Just at that moment the door was opened. A servant ushered in a new-comer.

"Sir Tristram Triggs."

The Duke, striding forward, held out both his hands in welcome.

"Sir Tristram! Glad to see you! And how long is it to be, Sir Tristram?"

•

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"For a few hours, more or less, I suppose, I don't know much about this kind of thing. I dare say I shall probably know more about it when I've done."

"When you've done? May that not be for many and many a year! Allow me to introduce to you a friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Stanham."

Sir Tristram turned. For the first time he appeared to notice Mr. Stanham.

Physically, the new, great man was short, and inclined to ponderosity. The entire absence of hair upon his face served to accentuate its peculiar characteristics. It was a square face—and, in particular, the jaw was square. His big eyes looked from under a penthouse formed by his overhanging brows. As he turned, a faint smile seemed to be struggling into existence about the corners of his great mouth. But, directly his glance alighted upon Mr. Stanham, that smile vanished and a frown took its place.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman before," he said.

On his part, Mr. Stanham regarded Sir Tristram with a supercilious air which, perhaps unconsciously to himself, was only too frequently seen upon his face—as if Sir Tristram were an inferior thing.

"I'd no idea that your name was Triggs."

The Duke, standing behind Sir Tristram, clenched his fists, and glared at Mr. Stanham as if he would like to knock him down.

It happened, shortly afterward, that Miss Cullen left her bedroom to come downstairs. As she went along the corridor she met a gentleman who was being conducted by a servant, probably, to his own apartment. The gentleman was Sir Tristram Triggs. When Sir Tristram saw Miss Cullen, and Miss Cullen saw Sir Tristram, they, both of them, stopped short. The great man's complexion was normally of a ruddy hue. At sight of the lady he turned the color of a beetroot, boiled. She looked him in the eyes and drew herself up to the full capacity of her inches. And she uttered a single monosyllable.

"You!"

That was all she said—then swept on.

"That horrid man! He here! To think of it! If I'd only known that he was coming, I do believe, in spite of Tommy, that I'd have stayed away." At the foot of the stairs Miss Cullen encountered Mr. Stanham.

"I say, Frank, old man, isn't there somewhere—some room—where I can have a word or two with you on the strict 'Q.T.'?"

"'I HAVE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING THIS GENTLEMAN BEFORE'"

"Certainly—the library, my dear girl. There's never a soul in there."

One would not like to libel Tuttenham so far as to say, with Miss Cullen, that the only tenants the library ever had were the books. But, on that occasion, it did chance that the pair had the whole place to themselves. Mr. Stanham perched himself on a corner of the table, still with his hands in his pockets.

"There's going to be a pretty kettle of fish, dear girl."

That was what the gentleman observed.

"My dear child, what do you mean? What is the matter?"

"The Lord Chancellor's here."

"No! How do you know?"

"Datchet just introduced me to him."

"Oh, Tommy, I say, what fun!"

With a little laugh, the lady clapped her hands. She appeared to be gifted with a keener eye for comedy than Mr. Stanham.

"I don't know what you call fun. It happens that the new Lord Chancellor is a man who, I have good reason to believe, would give a tidy trifle for a chance of getting his knife into me, for he fairly hates me."

"Whatever for?"

"I'll tell you the story. Last year, when I was at Canterstone for the shooting, I was placed next to a man whom I had never seen in my life, and whom I never wanted to see in my life again. What Charlie asked him for, beats me. I believe, if he knew one end of a gun from the other, it was as much as he did know. I doubt if there ever was his double as a shot. I wiped his eye over and over again. I kept on doing it. I couldn't help it—I had to. He never hit a bird. But he didn't like it any the more for that. We had something like a row before the day was over. I fancy that I said something about a barber's clerk. Anyhow, I know I walked off there and then and left him fuming."

•

"You nice, agreeable child! It's my opinion that all you men are the same when you are shooting—missing links. And, pray, what has this pleasant little sidelight on the sweetness of your disposition got to do with the new Lord Chancellor?"

"Only this—the new Lord Chancellor's the man I called a barber's clerk."

"Tommy! How horrible!"

"It does seem pretty lively. You should have seen how he looked at me when Datchet just now introduced us. Unless I am mistaken in the gentleman, when this little affair of ours leaks out, and I'm brought up in front of him, and he sees who I am, he'll straightway consign me to imprisonment in the deepest dungeon, and keep me there, at any rate, as long as he's Lord Chancellor."

"My poor, dear boy! What shall we do?"

•

"There's one thing I should like to do, and chance it—I should like to soundly kick Sir Tristram Triggs!"

"Who? Sir Tristram Triggs! Why should you like to kick Sir Tristram?"

"That's the name."

"His name? Can it be that Sir Tristram Triggs is the new Lord Chancellor?" She threw out her arms, with a gesture of burlesque melodrama. "Tommy! Kiss me! Quick. Before I faint. Tommy, even you have no idea of the ramifications and complications of our peculiar situation." Mr. Stanham had removed his hands from his pockets. They occupied a more agreeable position round the lady's waist. "See if I don't snatch you from the lion's jaws."

"Does that mean that you will help me to escape from Holloway?"

"It means that you will never get so far as Holloway, you precious old Tommy!"

"Am I to die upon the road then?"

"Don't talk like that, don't! You don't know what a wife you've got! You don't know how she loves you, worthless creature that you are! Tommy, do say that you love me, just a little bit! There, you needn't squeeze me quite so tight. I can't explain to you all about it. I will some day! There's going to be a duel, perhaps to the death, between the Lord Chancellor and yours to command; and if that august personage, in the figure, anyhow, of Sir Tristram Triggs, is not worsted and overthrown, I will give you leave, sir, to say that you do not admire my taste in dress. Tommy, don't!"

• • •

Second Chapter

AFTER dinner, Miss Cullen, strolling about the great glass house all alone, came upon Sir Tristram, also all alone. Although not, probably, more than half an inch taller than the gentleman, she looked, yes, down at him, as if, comparatively, he were but an insect at her feet.

"Well, Sir Tristram Triggs, what amends do you propose to make to me?"

"Miss Cullen?"

"Sir?"

She looked at him; and this famous lawyer who had been more than a match for the *olla podrida* of the law courts, and the champions of the political ring, quailed before a young girl's eyes. "I fear, Miss Cullen, that I fail to apprehend your meaning."

"Is it possible that you are an habitual desecrator of that law which you have sworn to uphold, and that, therefore, the details of your crimes are apt to escape your memory? More than three months have elapsed since you committed your crime. So far as I know, you have not sought as yet to take advantage of any occasion to offer me atonement."

"May I inquire, Miss Cullen, why you go out of your way to use language of such extravagant exaggeration? It would be gross absurdity to call the offense of which I was guilty, if it were an offense, a crime."

"Perhaps it is because you are a lawyer that you are unaware that not so very long ago a man was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for exactly the same thing."

Sir Tristram fidgeted. He seemed not to have complete control over his tongue.

"Miss Cullen, I trust that I may never be found lacking in respect to a lady. If I have been so unfortunate as to have offended you, I proffer you my most sincere apologies."

Miss Cullen looked coldly at him and remained, obviously, wholly unmoved.

"When a criminal expresses his contrition, is he held, by so doing, to have sufficiently purged himself of his offense?"

"What is it that you require of me?"

"I am told that you are to be the new Lord Chancellor. I am a ward in chancery."

"I learn the fact with pleasure."

"Do you? Then your pleasure bears a strong resemblance to my pain. I am to remain a ward till I am twenty-five."

"Indeed? I am glad to hear it!"

•

Sir Tristram began to rub his hands.

"Yes—indeed! I had an objectionable uncle who was so foolish as to suppose that I could not be a better judge of my own life's happiness than—some elderly gentlemen."

"Hem!" Sir Tristram coughed discreetly.

"If I were willing to overlook your offense—" Sir Tristram smiled—"I should require a *quid pro quo*."

"And what, my dear Miss Cullen, would be the nature of the *quid pro quo*?"

"I should want you to consent to my marrying."

"To consent to your marrying? Ah! I see! If the matter is laid before me in due and proper form—it is possible that you have a certain individual in your mind's eye whom you are willing to make the happiest of men—and I was satisfied that he was a fit and a proper person, and every care was taken to safeguard your interests—then, my dear Miss Cullen, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to give my consent to your being happily launched on what, I fear, is, too often, the troubled sea of marriage."

"That's not the sort of thing I want, Sir Tristram."

"No? Then what is the sort of thing you want, Miss Cullen, may I inquire?"

The young lady tapped her foot against the floor. For the first time she seemed to be not at her ease.

"The fact is, I'm married already, Sir Tristram."

"Married—already? With the consent of the Court?"

"Bother the Court!"

"Young lady! Are you aware who it is to whom you are speaking?"

"I am perfectly aware. I am speaking to the person who kissed me against my will."

"Miss Cullen! I'm the Chancellor!"

"That for the Chancellor!"

•

She actually snapped her fingers in his face. He seemed to be speechless; though, perhaps, he only seemed so. When he did speak, it was as if he were suffering positive pain.

"I find myself unable to believe that you are capable of realizing the position in which I stand, the position in which you stand, too. Personal misusage I might endure. But, in this matter, I am impersonal. Take care! I represent the majesty of English law."

He turned as if to go. If he supposed that he had crushed her he was mistaken.

"Is that your last word, Sir Tristram?"

"Miss Cullen, it is my last."

"Then, now, be so good as to listen to my last word. The Duke of Datchet is a magistrate. I will go straight to him, and demand from him a warrant for your arrest."

"A warrant for my arrest? Girl!"

"I presume that it is because I am a girl that you are enough of a man to try to bully me."

Taking out his handkerchief, Sir Tristram applied it to his brow.

"Am I mad, or you? Are you utterly impervious to any sort of reason?"

"Not more than you are. I have yet to learn that, because you are Lord Chancellor, you cannot be made to answer for your crimes, exactly like any other criminal. Forgive my husband, forgive me, whose only crime has been that we love each other, and who have not offended in the sight either of Heaven or of earth, and I will forgive you, who have offended in the sight of both. Decline to do so, and, unless there is one law for the great and another for the small, I promise that you shall learn, from personal experience, what it means to go to jail."

•

Sir Tristram looked as if he wondered why the earth did not open to swallow her.

"Miss Cullen, I beg that you will not suppose, that, under any possible circumstances, I could listen, even for a single instant, to what, to me, are your hideous insinuations. But one possible solution I do see to the painful situation in which you stand. If the person whom you have improperly married should——"

"Not improperly married; how dare you!"

"In the eyes of the Court, Miss Cullen, certainly; in the eyes of the court. Hear me

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This story, The Chancellor's Ward, is taken from Harmsworth Magazine.*

out. If this person should prove to be a fit and a proper person, of good character, of due position, and so forth, then, taking all the circumstances into consideration, I might be moved to show leniency. What is the person's name?"

"He is of the highest lineage."

"So far so good."

"He is a gentleman of the very best and noblest character."

"Still better."

"He would be showing honor to any lady in the land if he made her his wife."

"Hem! Precisely! I asked you for his name, Miss Cullen."

"Thomas Stanham."

"Thomas Stanham!" Sir Tristram's countenance went as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Thomas Stanham!" He turned to her with a look of fury on his face which took even Miss Cullen by surprise. "That vagabond! That——"

"How dare you—how dare you speak so of my husband, sir?"

"Your husband? Girl, you are a fool! You, the owner of prospective millions, have thrown them, even before they are in your actual possession, into the lap of that pitiful adventurer. You ask me to show him leniency? I will be lenient to you; I will protect you from him, in spite of yourself."

•

He spoke with a degree of dramatic intensity which threw a lurid light upon the cause of his success in life. Miss Cullen was silenced after all. She stood and watched him as he strode away, with a degree of dignity in his bearing which seemed to have suddenly made him much taller.

"Tommy must have wiped his eye—and no mistake!"

That was what she said to herself when she was alone.

"Well, have you had it out with Triggs?"

Turning, Miss Cullen found that Mr. Stanham had approached from behind. He stood in the doorway—as usual, with his hands in his pockets.

"Yes; I've had it out with Triggs."

Miss Cullen had a little flush on her cheeks, and an added light in her bright eyes, which superfluities, it might be said, unjustifiably heightened her attractions.

"Softened his adamantine breast?"

"Well, hardly. Not what you might call quite. In fact, I should say that, if he remains in his present frame of mind, he will send you, for a certainty, to something much worse than penal servitude for life."

"Is that so? Very kind of you, I'm sure. I knew you'd make a mess of it, my love."

"Wait till the play is over. There's always a muddle in the middle of a play, dear boy. The third act has not begun."

• • •

Third Chapter

TRIGGS, this is a nice state of things!"

The latest ornament of the Bench was seated in the privacy of his own apartment prior to retiring to rest. But the cares of his position had followed him there. He was working his way through a mass of papers when his host appeared at the door.

"To what state of things does Your Grace refer?"

The Duke looked around as if to make sure that they had the room to themselves. He seemed to be in a state of considerable agitation; indeed, the abruptness of his entry had in itself suggested agitation.

"Of—of course, you know that I—I'm a magistrate."

"Certainly I know it."

"Triggs, I have had an application made to me for a warrant for your arrest."

The Chancellor's face went a peony hue.

"Your Grace is joking."

"I wish I were. I found it anything but a joke, and I am afraid that you are not likely to find it one, either."

Sir Tristram removed his glasses. He held them in his hand. His face became hard and stern.

"May I ask Your Grace to be a little more explicit?"

"Triggs, Miss Cullen has applied to me to issue a warrant against you."

"Surely such a request is irregular."

"I am not so sure of that—I am not so sure. Anyhow, I told her that it was. The only result of which, so far as I can judge, will be that she will make the application, in more regular form, either to me or to some one else, to-morrow. But that is not the point. Triggs, did you do it?"

"Is it necessary that Your Grace should ask me?"

"You didn't kiss her?"

Sir Tristram took out his handkerchief. He actually gasped for breath. It is to be feared that at that moment the representative of English law almost told a lie. However, it was only almost; not quite. He merely temporized.

"The whole affair is a pure absurdity."

"How do you mean? Is the charge unfounded?"

Sir Tristram drew his handkerchief across his brow.

"Supposing I did kiss her."

"Supposing! Triggs? Good heavens! I remember your leading for a woman who brought exactly such a charge against a man. I remember how clearly you pointed out how, under certain circumstances, such an action might be, and was, an offense against good morals. Didn't Pickum give the man six months' imprisonment for the offense?"

•

"I don't know, Duke, if you are enjoying a little amusement at my expense."

The Duke sprang to his feet. His bearing evinced an accession of dignity which, in its melodramatic suddenness, almost approached to actual farce.

"It is not my habit, Sir Tristram, to regard my magisterial duties as offering much scope for amusement. Situated as I am—as you are—as we all are—our party!—in the eyes of the nation, it seems to me that this matter may easily become one of paramount importance—of such importance that I have come to you as a friend, to-night, to ask you, if there is a chance of Miss Cullen's charge becoming so much as whispered abroad, to seriously consider if it would not be advisable for you to place your resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister before your

"SIR TRISTRAM GLOWERED —HE MIGHT! BUT SHE WAS UNDISMAYED"

appointment to the Chancellorship is publicly announced? That would be wisest."

Sir Tristram's jaw dropped open. His remarkable resemblance to a bull-dog perceptibly decreased.

"Duke!"

"I am not certain, in coming to-night, that I have not allowed my friendship for you to carry me too far. Still, I have come."

"Your Grace is more than sufficiently severe. If you will allow me to exactly explain my position in this matter, I shall have no difficulty in making that evident. I fear that Miss Cullen is a dangerous young woman."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders.

"You, of all men, ought to know that, under certain circumstances, women are dangerous—and even girls."

"Precisely. That is so. But I think that, after I have made my explanation, you will allow that Miss Cullen is even an unusually dangerous example of a dangerous sex." He paused—perhaps for reflection. When he continued, it was with a hang-dog air. "Some short time since I did myself the honor of asking Miss Cullen to become my wife. I fear that—eh—circumstances induced me to take her answer too much for granted. So much so, indeed, that—eh—while I was waiting for her answer, I—eh—I—eh—kissed her. I do not wish to lay stress upon the accident that the kiss was but the merest shadow of a kiss. But such it was."

"In plain language, Triggs, you kissed her against her will."

"I had no idea that it was against her will, or I should certainly not have done it. Her behavior after—eh—my action, filled me with the most profound amazement. She jumped up. She addressed me in language which I can only describe as more pointed than elegant. And—eh—she walked away, leaving me dumbfounded."

"Well?"

The Duke's back was turned to Sir Tristram, possibly because there was something on His Grace's face which bore an amazing resemblance to a smile.

•

"Well, I heard nothing more of the matter. Indeed, I have heard and seen nothing of the lady till I met her here to-day. This evening she has alluded to the matter in a manner and in terms which filled me with even more profound amazement than her behavior on the—eh—original occasion."

"But, man, didn't you apologize?"

"I apologized in terms of almost abject humility. But that did not content her. I will be frank with Your Grace. She made me a proposition which I could——"

The Duke waved his hands to stop him.

"I have heard too much already. Triggs, I have allowed my friendship for you to play havoc with my discretion; let me hear no more. My advice to you is, compromise; compromise at almost any cost."

•

Before Sir Tristram could reply, the Duke was gone. The newly appointed representative of the majesty of English law was left alone with his papers and his reflections. These latter did not seem to be pleasant ones. He was still thinking when the door opened, and in front of him was Miss Cullen.

She looked charming, and by that we mean even more charming than usual. She had changed her dress for a *peignoir*, or a dressing-gown, or something of the kind. Beyond question Sir Tristram had no notion what the thing was called. It suited her to perfection—few men had a better eye for that sort of thing in a woman than he had. There is no fathoming feminine duplicity, but no one ever looked more surprised than did that young woman then. She had thrown the door wide open and rushed into the room, and half closed it again behind her before she appeared to recognize where she really was.

"I—I thought—isn't this Mary Waller's room? Oh—!" As if struck with panic, she turned as if to flee. But Sir Tristram, who was gifted, before all else, with presence of mind, interposed. He rose from his chair.

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"Miss Cullen, may I beg you to remain for one moment?"

"Sir! Sir Tristram Triggs!" Miss Cullen's air of dignity was perfect, and so bewitching. "I had something which I wished to say to Lady Mary Waller. There has been some misunderstanding as to which was her room. Please accept an apology."

"Unlike you, I always accept an apology."

"Indeed! Then my experience in that respect has, I presume, been the exception which proves the rule."

"May I ask when you apologized to me—and for what?"

"This evening——" The lady looked down; her voice dropped; thrusting the toe of her little shoe from under the hem of her skirt, she tapped it nervously against the floor—"for becoming a wife."

The grim man behind the table regarded her intently. Although he knew that she was worsting him with his own weapons, she appealed to, at any rate, one side of him so strongly, so irresistibly, that he was unable to prevent the corners of his mouth from wrinkling themselves into a smile.

"May I ask, Mrs. Stanham——"

"Sir Tristram!" She threw out her arms toward him with a pretty little gesture. "You have set my heart all beating! You have brought the tears right to my eyes! You are the first person who has called me by my married name."

•

He moved his hand with a little air of deprecation—as if the thing were nothing.

"May I ask, Mrs. Stanham, if Mr. Thomas Stanham is related to the Duke of Datchet?"

"Related? Of course he is! He's his favorite cousin."

"His favorite cousin?" We doubt if she was justified in her use of the adjective, but, the simple truth is, she was a dangerous young woman. "I see. The plot unfolds. May I ask, further, if this little comedy was rehearsed in advance?"

"And in my turn, may I ask, Sir Tristram, what it is you mean?"

They looked at each other, eye to eye. They understood each other pretty well by the time Sir Tristram's glance dropped down again to the papers on his table. His tone became, as it were, judicial.

•

"Well, Mrs. Stanham, I have been considering the matter of which you spoke to me this evening, and, having regard to the whole bearing of the case—to the social position of Mr. Thomas Stanham, and so forth—speaking, of course, *ex parte*, and without prejudice, I may say that, as at present advised, if proper settlements are made, the marriage might be one which would not meet with the active disapprobation of the Court of Chancery."

Sir Tristram raised his eyes. The lady shook her head—very decidedly.

"That won't do."

"Won't do? What do you mean now?"

"What I say. I'm not going to have Tommy bothered about settlements. I'm settlement enough for Tommy. What you have to do is to sit down and to simply write this:

> "*My Dear Mrs. Stanham:* Speaking as Lord Chancellor, it gives me much pleasure in assuring you, as a ward of the court, that your marriage with Mr. Thomas Stanham meets with my unreserved approval."

Sir Tristram glowered—he might! But she was undismayed. "You will have to do it, sooner or later—you're a very clever man, and you know you will—so why not do it at once?"

He did it at once. Actually! Possibly because the whole affair appealed keenly to his sense of humor—one never knows! She read the paper, folded it, and then she said—with such a pout!

"Now you may kiss me again, if you like, Sir Tristram."

"I am obliged to you; but the costs in the suit have already been too heavy."

"Then I'll kiss you!"

And she did—with some want of precision, just over the right eye. Then she fled to the door. When she was halfway through it, she turned, and waved toward him the hand which held the paper.

"You are my guardian, you know."

A NORTH SEA RESCUE

The Brave Crew of the HEART of OAK.

By Walter Wood.

With Drawings by Charlotte Harding

THROUGHOUT the whole of that last Sunday in November a stiff, strong breeze had been furiously blowing over the Dogger Bank from the southwest.

All that day, against the unrelenting wind, the Heart of Oak had fought her way toward the Yorkshire coast. When her lights were taken in at daybreak she was alone on that dreary waste of tumbling waters; and until eventide she had struggled on with streaming decks without another sail of any sort appearing. The lamps were lit again, and the smack thrashed on her course, and still no port or starboard or masthead light showed above the angry sea.

Scores of times the Heart of Oak had plunged headlong into the waves. As often the water had roared down her deck and smothered her helmsman in a yeasty foam. Once or twice a big sea had dropped hissing into the cabin, and had soused the smacksmen who were sleeping on the floor. But a little more liquid made no difference to them; they had been long wet to the skin, and slumbered on, growling as they slept.

On a locker astern, kept from being thrown off by the cabin table, was stretched a great, groaning figure, a landsman, who was prostrated by sickness, and who prayed that death would come and end his suffering.

From dawn till sunset there had been an incessant battle with the wind and sea, but not until he had carefully watched the moon and sky, and consulted his barometer, did Skipper Sharman give as his opinion that far worse weather was awaiting them.

"The glass was low this mornin'," he said to the third hand, who was at the tiller; "it run down a bit till tea-time, but, by George, it seems like to run out altogether now. I never see it drop like this afore."

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"I suspected it this mornin'," said the helmsman. "It's a long time since I saw such a high dawn as it was."

"Or such a clear atmosphere as we 'ad a w'ile ago," rejoined the skipper. "There didn't seem to be any air; there act'ly didn't. You remember 'ow 'ard the 'orizon was? It was as sharp as a razor-edge."

"You're right, Old Skipper. We've 'ad a bucketin' already, but it's nought to what we'll get afore the mornin' comes again."

"My own opinion is that the wind'll veer to the nor'ard," said the skipper. "If it does, we shall be all right. Wi' a breeze like this from the proper quarter we could spank into 'arbor just at 'igh water."

"Never," answered the third hand, emphatically. "It 'ud fetch up too big a sea, an' we couldn't get in—except bottom up. You know, the long an' short of it is, Skipper, the 'Eart of Oak's a bit too fine built for such rough work as fishin' on the Dogger. I've allus said so. She should ha' bin a yacht. Just see, now, 'ow she shoves 'er nose into it—fo' it isn't much of a sea, neither. When the wind's got more nor'ard in it we shall pretty nigh get the sticks knocked out of her."

"Pooh," laughed the skipper. "Just notice the feel of 'er. Doesn't she take the waves easy? Don't you call 'er 'andy?"

"'Andy enough; but too wet an' too fond o' nosin' into it. I'll allow she's got good points——"

"Bristles with 'em!" interposed the skipper, refusing to hear a word to the disparagement of the Heart of Oak. "Watch 'er rise to it. Just see 'ow scornful she shakes the water off. Man, there isn't a 'andier or tighter craft on the North Sea at this minute. There isn't a gale for twenty year past that she 'asn't rode out easy; an' she isn't goin' to begin pranks in any breeze now, even if the glass 'as pretty nigh gone to bed once for all. Just you watch 'er!"

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He laughed at his little pleasantry, and his companion looked admiringly at his stalwart form in its shining oilskins and heavy sea-boots.

"'Ow's the gent bloke?" asked the helmsman, lounging against the tiller.

"He was alive when I was below," said the skipper.

"Sayin' much?" inquired the third hand.

"Nothing fresh; only groanin' an' prayin' for the ship to sink."

"Ah! I thought we should give 'im a bucketin'. 'E spoke a lot o' what 'e'd seen an' done in deep-water boats, without ever bein' bowled over; but I told 'im I thought we'd make 'im sit up afore the trip was finished. An' we've done it!"

"Whatever 'appened," said the skipper, "I should think it my duty to see 'im safe back. But no fear; we'll all get in 'ome by 'igh water in the mornin'. The wind's gettin' round fast, an' we'll just walk now. Get the lads up, an' snug 'er down. We can't carry all this cloth. You just see 'ow we'll bowl along when we're close-reefed."

The mate stamped with his heavy boots on the deck, and bawled with his rough, hoarse voice down the companion; and in obedience to the order the sleepy crew appeared and got the Heart of Oak close-reefed. By the time they had shortened sail and made all snug the wind was coming from the north-northwest with quickly growing force, and Skipper Sharman was battling with the kicking tiller with all his strength.

For an hour or two the Heart of Oak ran down the roaring North Sea. As yet she was going pretty snugly, and the skill and strength of her skipper kept her well before the wind. But as the gale increased, he became anxious, and gave the order to snug her down still more and set the storm-jib.

With infinite labor, and at the peril of their lives, the crew got the canvas shortened, and the smack ran on with her sails bellying out like curved sheets of iron.

"Now go below, lads," said the skipper; "there's no need for you to stop here. You'll be safer there; I'll call you w'en I want you."

"But let me take the tiller with you," said the mate urgently.

"I can keep 'er to it," rejoined the master. "Do as I tell you. You can come up by-an'-by. Make some tea, an' tell the gent bloke 'e needn't fear."

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They tumbled cautiously into the cabin, and the skipper was left alone on the deck.

The wind screamed about him, and the spray it whipped up from the sea pattered furiously upon his oilskins. Sometimes a fierce gust would strike upward, and the spray would then beat upon his neck, in spite of the sou'wester, and hurt him as if he had been physically struck.

He was thankful that in spite of the fury of the gale the night was clear. It appalled him even to glance to port or starboard and notice the sea that was running. Once or twice he glanced astern, but so terrific was the following sea that he involuntarily closed his eyes and shuddered. It needed all his strong nerve and experience of the North Sea to give him steadiness enough to keep the smack before the gale and so in present safety. Once let her get out of her course at all, and every soul on board would become the victims of the madly seething waters.

At one time, on his starboard, there passed him a steamer which he judged to be a collier tramp. He saw her from afar, and from the tremendous pitching of her masthead light guessed how badly she was laboring, and from the speed with which she passed him knew that her skipper was driving her through the gale, not daring even to try to heave her to. A little time afterward he passed, this time on his port, a great steamer, whose outline he could clearly see.

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She was hove to, and riding the gale with tolerable comfort. He knew this from her build and the lights which showed that she carried passengers, and wondered whether they were all prostrate with fear and sickness. For his own part, aboard of a big, fine, well-found steamer such as she was, hove to on a clear night like that, he would have laughed at even such a furious gale as this.

"Comfortable, lighted-up-chapel look about her, eh?" said the mate, clambering cautiously up the hatchway with a mug of steaming tea. He spoke in a loud roar, although the skipper's feet were almost touching his face. "My God! What a sight astern! It's enough to paralyze you to look at it."

"Then don't look," shouted the skipper in reply. "What's the good o' it? We're as well off—an' better, to my thinkin'—as that old collier tramp w'ich is nosin' it to the nor'ard, slap in the teeth of it, because 'er skipper daren't try an' 'eave 'er to."

"Sup this," said the mate, holding with one hand to the hatch and extending the other toward the skipper, in it the mug of hot tea which he had brought him.

It was a clever acrobatic and muscular feat to seize the mug and drink the tea, but the skipper managed it. He dropped the enameled iron vessel as the easiest way of getting rid of it, and clutched the tiller with both hands again. The mate caught it as it was beginning a voyage along the deck, and threw it into the cabin. Then he got out of the hatchway, shut the door and drew on the lid, and clambered to his Captain's side. "Now, with the tiller between us," he shouted, "surely we can 'old 'er up."

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Their strong arms made the Heart of Oak keep truly on her course, and so steady did they hold her to it that the iron-like sails never in the least altered in their shape.

"Goin' like this, we should be somewhere-like by mornin'," said the mate.

"Aye, it should fetch us not far to the nor'ard o' the 'Ead," replied the skipper. "Lord, what a length the nights 'ave! What wouldn't I give for daylight!"

But daylight was yet far distant, and they had to go on with their work, panting and struggling at the tiller of the Heart of Oak as she tore on before the gale.

When the dawn came up in the East the gale rose to its height. Even for North Sea weather it was bad, and it was all the skipper and the mate could do to keep the smack before the wind and prevent her broaching to. It was a perilous and anxious time, and Sharman and his mate, in the haggard light of the morning, showed to each other their feelings by their looks.

"One o' them chaps plump on top o' us an' we're done," said the mate.

"Keep 'er to it, Jack, keep 'er to it; don't, on no account, let 'er fall away," said the skipper, refusing to give utterance to his own fear, which was, that one of these deadly following seas would swing the smack round and smash and sink her.

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When they were on the crests of the waves, they were almost borne off their feet by the force of the wind; when they were down in the hollows they were for the moment in calmness, sheltered by the immense wall of water in their rear.

"I thought I saw a yawl just then," said Jack, when the Heart of Oak was pitching with sickening velocity down a huge wave which had hurried underneath her.

"Where?" demanded the skipper. "There's such a smother o' spray it's like a blindin' snowstorm. There's no proper seein' through it."

"There!" shouted Jack, and he pointed over the port bow, and the skipper saw a yawl whose sails were torn into strips.

"He's surely in a bad way—looks like the Mary," said the skipper anxiously.

"It's 'er, an' no other," said Jack. "It's only last trip she lost a man."

When the Heart of Oak rose again they saw that the Mary had been struck by a heavy sea, and that she was lying a crippled, helpless wreck. Near her was a clumsy-looking, grimy steamer hove to. Up to the moment they had not seen the steamer, which had been hidden in a bank of fog. Now they noticed that the crew of the Mary were signaling to her for assistance. A man on the flying-bridge, on whose head was a Tam o' Shanter, was making signs which showed that he could not give any assistance.

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"God 'elp 'em, their time's come," said the mate compassionately.

"Rouse 'em up," roared the skipper; and the mate called the crew again. With them appeared the passenger, pale and disheveled, aroused from his stupor by the excitement of the discovery of the Mary.

He was a stalwart young man, who had knocked about most of the seas on earth, and in most kinds of craft, and whose boast it had been that he had never been made sea-sick. But the Heart of Oak and the North Sea between them had spoiled his record, and since the gale had sprung up he had been prostrate and helpless.

"You keep below, sir," said the skipper. "It's the only safe place. You'll be swept overboard, sure, if you stay here."

"I'll run my chance," said the passenger, by name Stanton, by occupation a briefless

"THE SEAS SMOTE THE LITTLE CRAFT WITH A THUNDEROUS SOUND, AND A CATARACT OF YEASTY WATER TUMBLED INTO IT"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, A North Sea Rescue, is taken from The Strand Magazine.

barrister, with means. "I can't bear that fearful hole. If I'm to die, it shall be in the open." He clambered to the mainsheet-horse, and hung fiercely to it. "That yawl's in a bad way, isn't she?" he asked.

"Very," replied the skipper, casting a fearful glance at her. The gale was rapidly sweeping them toward the wreck.

"Can't we do anything?" asked Stanton.

"No; I wish we could," said the skipper.

"But you're not going to run past her?"

"We can't do anything else," said Sharman; "no boat could live in this sea, an' I couldn't get the 'Eart o' Oak alongside or near 'er. I could only run down an' let the wind take the boat to the Mary, an' it 'ud be as good as death to do that."

Stanton looked at the wallowing tramp, and then at the pitiful spectacle of the sinking yawl. Those of her crew who were left—two had been carried overboard with the masts—were making wild signs for help to the Heart of Oak.

"See," he said; "they know they can't hope from the steamer there, and must turn to us—smacksmen like themselves. Are we going to leave her?"

"No!" roared the skipper, with amazing energy. Then he threw himself against the tiller, and the stout Heart of Oak shuddered as she headed for the Mary.

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"Now," said Skipper Sharman, "these poor chaps want rescuin', an' we've got to rescue 'em. It's a matter o' life an death for any one who goes. I'll make one, an' leave old Jack in charge."

"We can't spare you," said the mate. "Can't the steamer do anything? She's a lot nearer." His spirit was willing, but he could not help quailing a little at the awful task before any boat that ventured into that ungovernable fury of sea. And he thought, too, of his wife and child at home, who were dependent solely on him for their support.

"Lads," said Skipper Sharman, "she's only a poor tramp, 'ove to, an' she can't, at the peril of her life, offer to do anything. 'Er skipper knows that if 'e could get a boat over she'd be smashed to bits against that side o' wollerin' iron. If that smack's crew's got to be saved, we've got to do it. What's it to be, lads? Speak up lively!"

"Shove the boat over!" roared the mate. "I'll go, if I've to make the trip alone."

"I'll go with you, mate," shouted the fourth hand.

"Make room for me, for I'm going," rang out a clear voice, and they saw the great form of Stanton clambering crabwise over the deck to where the boat lay.

"This is no lake or river work—it's life or death!" cried Sharman warningly.

"That's why I'm going to be in at it," returned Stanton. "Tell me how to bear a hand, and I'll help you."

"God bless you, sir," exclaimed the skipper hoarsely, forgetful for the moment of his own smack's peril in his admiration of the landsman's courage. "You're worth a steam-enjun, with a pluck like that. I didn't think it in you. Out boat, lads!"

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The Heart of Oak gave a fearful roll to port as he spoke, and the crew were tumbled bodily into the swimming scuppers. They scrambled, bruised and wet, to their feet, and seized the tackle to get the boat upon the bulwarks. They hoisted it up at last, and watching until the smack's port bulwarks were again level with the water, they shot it overboard, the mate tumbling heavily in as the broad, squat craft sank deep down alongside the Heart of Oak. The boat was tossed up again like a cork, and a huge, white, curling wave roared on and raised it as if to smash it to matchwood against the smack's side. The mate fendered the boat off with his arms, and at his signal, Stanton tumbled in as it fell away, as if sinking into a chasm. All this time it was being towed alongside the Heart of Oak, and in peril of capsizing every instant.

Stanton seized an oar and kept the boat off as it rose again in the hissing, roaring swirl. This time it was sent broadside on by a wave and struck the side of the smack as if its planks would be stove in; but its ribs were stout and seasoned, and they were not damaged beyond their rusty outer coat of paint. As the boat fell away again, the fourth hand dropped in, and before another sea could reach them he and the mate had got the oars and let the painter go, and were running dangerously before the gale, although Sharman gave them, as well as he could, the sheltering lee of the smack.

The following seas threatened to engulf the boat, and in spite of all precautions water broke swampingly on board and kept Stanton, who had been provided with a bucket for the purpose, bailing ceaselessly.

Standing, North Sea fashion, to their work, the mate and the fourth hand facing each other, the mate looking ahead, they flew on. Silently, with clenched teeth, they staggered over great, green, angry hills of water that were racing after them with amazing swiftness. The bluff bow of the boat was kept unswervingly before the sea and wind. The seas smote the little craft with a thunderous sound, and a cataract of yeasty water tumbled into it.

"'LITTLE UN FIRST,' SAID THE MATE, CATCHING SIGHT OF THE CABIN BOY"

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Stanton, panting and perspiring, in spite of the cold and wet, worked with a savageness that he had never felt before. He was as fine of courage as he was of frame, and a war like this was in keeping with the battle spirit that was now aroused within him. Sternly, unyieldingly, unwearyingly, he raised and bent his back as he scooped the water from the bottom and threw it into the sea from which it came. His example filled even these North Sea heroes with zeal and hope, and, with a blind belief that Providence would favor such a trip as theirs, they kept their course.

They swiftly drew toward the sinking smack. It was wonderful, in such a waste of furious water, the boat kept up at all. But she floated, and she progressed, and the Captain of the steamer jammed his Tam-o'-Shanter harder down upon his head as he peered over the weather-cloth of his flying-bridge, and watched the boat as he might have watched some race or match ashore.

"Go it, lads, and God help and bless you!" he roared, as the boat was swirled past the tramp's stern and lost the shelter of the smack. When it had passed he shouted loudly to them: "It's all I can do, but I'll go ahead and give you my lee till you're in line with the smack."

He telegraphed to the engine-room, and the tramp, with a protest from every plate, forged half-speed ahead. She pitched fearfully, and the seas broke over her in immense volumes, and filled her well-deck with a weight of solid water that promised fair to burst the bulwarks or sink her bodily.

The skipper rang again, and the engines went dead-slow, just keeping the tramp's bows to it. But the boat had benefited by the shelter of her lee, and for two or three minutes the men within it had found their work a little easier. A few more guiding strokes of the oars, and a few scends along huge waves, and they were well under the Mary's lee.

"Quick, for God's sake! She's settlin' fast," said the skipper of the Mary, throwing a rope one end of which he had fastened tightly to the stump of the mizzen.

Stanton, who had risen for an instant to straighten his aching back, caught the rope as it whizzed snake-like past the boat, and in an instant had fastened the end to a thwart.

"Fender 'er off, sir; never mind balin'!" bellowed the mate, and Stanton, thankful for the change, obeyed the orders promptly and helped to keep the boat from being stove in against the vessel's side.

"Little un first," said the mate, catching sight of the shivering cabin-boy.

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"Jump, I'll catch you!" shouted Stanton, and the boy, seeing him and believing in the outstretched sinewy arms, waited for his chance and jumped. The boy was caught by Stanton as he fell, and was soused into the water at the bottom of the boat. "Stick, boy," said Stanton, and the boy quickly grasped a thwart and clung grimly on.

"Now, as quick as you like," shouted the mate, and the remaining hands of the Mary tumbled heavily into the boat, as chance allowed.

"Get 'er away," sang out the mate. "Cast off that line an' shove her clear as hard as you can. The Mary's going by the he'd. All clear?"

He took his oar and set to work desperately to get the boat away from the suction of the sinking vessel. The fourth hand did the same, and Stanton, unbidden, resumed his baling. The rescued crew were looking yearningly at their foundering home.

"She's gone," said the skipper solemnly, and for just a second the mate turned his eyes to see the last of her.

"Make for the lee of the tramp," he ordered, and they got under the shelter of the rusty iron wall more easily now, for they had the wind and sea astern of them.

"I'll take you on board," shouted the tramp's skipper. "Say the word, and it's soon done."

"We'll shelter 'ere a bit, an' then run for the 'Eart of Oak. We shall soon be blown to 'er," rejoined the mate. "Thank yer kindly, all the same."

"But you'll be safer here," said the Captain. "You'd better come aboard."

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"We can tackle the smack," rejoined the mate. "Would you, sir," he asked, turning to Stanton, "like to go on board that steamboat?"

"Thanks, no—I'll see it out," rejoined the passenger, and went on with his baling.

"An' a proper choice, sir," roared the mate admiringly. "You bet the 'Eart of Oak's a sight better nor a old iron pan like that. Now, lads, let's get back. It'll be a dashed sight easier nor comin'."

They left their shelter, the Captain giving them a parting cheer, and at last, as much by luck as skill, got back to the Heart of Oak. They fought round to her lee, and one by one got on board, the mate being the last to leave. As he sprang on to the streaming deck, a wave twisted the boat at her painter and capsized her. The painter snapped, and the boat floated away on the waves bottom upward.

"Let her go," shouted the skipper. "She'd ha' had to go adrift in any case. We were bound to lose her. Hooray, sir!" he added, as Stanton, red and exhausted, clung to the capstan. "Give 'im a cheer, lads; never saw a finer thing done on the North Sea."

They gave him a cheer, the rescued boy joining in with a trembling treble.

"Oh," said Stanton, flushing a deep red. "Cheer yourselves; I've done nothing." But that tribute to a brave man from brave men was dear, and he felt that it was reward enough for him.

The gale went down more swiftly than it had risen, and the sea subsided with extraordinary quickness. By the afternoon the wind was as gentle as a summer breeze, and the sea was setting into a swell on which, the skipper declared, a "kid in a tub" could travel safely.

"We promised you a bucketin', sir," said Skipper Sharman proudly, "an' we've given you one. You'll sleep better to-night ashore nor you slept last night below. Come another trip, w'enever you're disposed."

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"Thanks," replied Stanton. "Once in a lifetime's enough for me. I reckon you'll be made a hero ashore for the rescue of the Mary's crew."

"Lord bless you, sir, nothing o' the sort. W'y should they? We only did our duty."

"But the peril of it!" said Stanton.

"All in a day's work out 'ere—especially in winter. It's a sort o' mutual aid—I 'elp you; some day you'll 'elp me. That's the pay we get. Surely that's enough!"

"They wouldn't think so if they did the work ashore," said Stanton, remembering how a man is glorified who wades into a pond and rescues some one who could hardly be drowned, except willfully. "And you'll get no recognition or reward?" he asked incredulously.

"Not unless the sky falls—whatever put that into your head, sir?" He laughed, for the mere notion of it amused him greatly.

"I'll see that you do get a reward," rejoined Stanton sternly.

And he did. The day after, being a man of prompt and zealous action, and possessing influence, he moved the Royal Humane Society, and they awarded medals to Skipper Sharman and the crew of the Heart of Oak.

Stanton also sent the skipper $250.00 to be divided among the crew as he thought fit; and to this day considers that the exhibition of the North Sea smacksman's skill and courage was cheap at the price.

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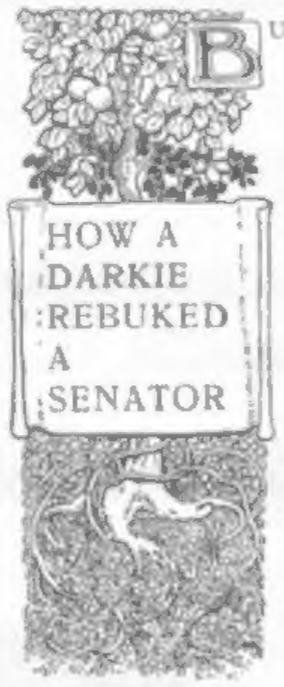


BUNCOMBE COUNTY is the scene of a story told of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, the champion storyteller of the Senate, who has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back though he is not a communicant in the church. Riding along one day, he overtook a venerable darky, with whom he thought he would have "a little bit of fun."

"Uncle," said the Governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sah; not exactly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—ain't you, uncle?"

"No, sah; I ain't no Baptist, tho' most of the bred'rin' an' sistern about here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No, sah; I ain't no Mefodis, nudder."

"Campbellite?"

"No, sah; I can't errogate to myself de Camelite way of thinkin'."

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you, then?" rejoined the Governor.

"Well, de fac' is, sah, my old master was a herald of the Cross in the Presbyterian Church, and I was fotch' up in dat faith."

"What, you don't mean it? Why, that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Vance went at him again.

"And do you believe in all of the Presbyterian creed?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah."

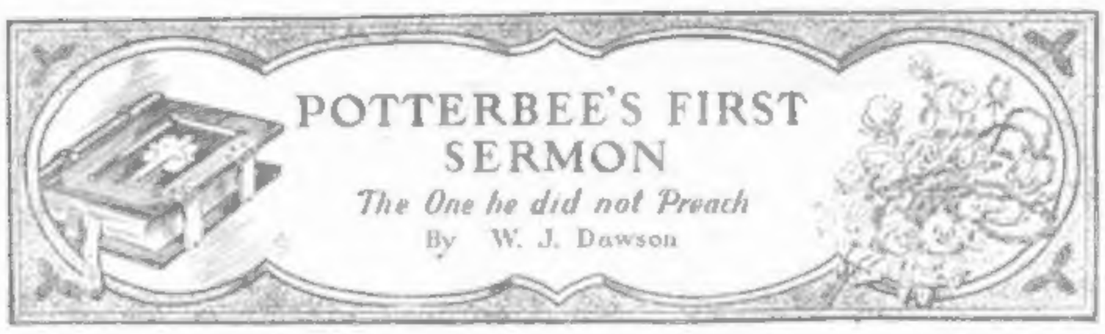
"Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and if he is elected to be lost he will be lost?"

"Oh, yes, boss, I believe dat. It's Gospel."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously and said:

"Well, I tell you what 'tis, Mars Zeb; I'se been libin' in dis hyar world nigh on sixty years, and I nebber yit hyard of any man bein' 'lected 'thout he was a candidate."



POTTERBEE'S FIRST SERMON

The One he did not Preach

By W. J. Dawson

WITH A DRAWING BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

IT WAS always remembered in Barford that when the 'Squire lay dying he had sent for Potterbee to pray with him, and had said to him, with a faint smile, "You dear little man! I believe I can die easy now."

Some men might have been puffed up at such a speech, and there was certainly no other man in Barford to whom public opinion would not have grudged the honor of such a compliment; but every one felt that Potterbee had fairly earned it. He was, in truth, a "dear little man."

He came of a long ancestry of Quakers, and although he had become, by force of circumstance, a Deacon at the meeting-house, he never lost the Quaker mould. He usually wore a high white cravat, and a black coat of antiquated cut. His hair was of a silvery whiteness, and his face had the peace of quiet waters in a sunny pool. He lived in a small house at the end of the High Street, and behind it stretched a long garden full of old-fashioned flowers. He had means of his own, and had he cared to lead an idle life, there was no one to say him nay. But Potterbee was one of those men who are visibly ordained for the comfort of the world, and he had long ago recognized his mission.

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Every morning, on the stroke of ten, he went down the street to visit the sick, and there was no day when he did not carry a little of his sunshine into some place of darkness. I, for one, can bear witness that, when I first made acquaintance with death, I found no peace till Potterbee prayed in that dark room where the coffin stood; I felt as though I had seen an angel sitting in the tomb when he had finished.

Now the Potterbees had only one son, and it was he whose first sermon occasioned so much sensation. Paul Potterbee was a shy and retiring youth, and from his birth his parents had prayed that he might become a minister. It is to be feared that on many a dull Sunday at the meeting-house, when old Mr. Shannon was not quite at his best, the two innocent old people in the big corner pew had wandering thoughts, through which there ran like a bright thread the fancy of how Paul would look in the pulpit.

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Many times Rachel Potterbee would say to her husband, "I begin to fear it is not the Lord's will, William." But he would reply, "Well, we can pray about it, Rachel," and Paul never knew how often at dead of night these two old folks knelt in the room next to his, holding one another's hands, and praying softly that it might please the Lord to make their boy His messenger.

At length, on one happy spring morning, Paul, who was now eighteen, with many blushes told his father that he would like to preach. The old man kissed him on the forehead, and went out into the garden quite pale with joy. Rachel saw him standing with clasped hands beside the bed of yellow jonquils near the blossoming apple tree, and with a swift divination of what had happened ran out to him with a face as pale as his own. "Is it Paul?" she whispered, and the shining in the old man's eyes gave her an eloquent reply.

They fell back, as they always did in moments of great excitement, into the sweet Quaker tongue, "the single language," as it is called, and began to "thee" and "thou" one another in soft voices. Paul, looking out of the window of the little room he called his study, saw them and never forgot the sight. Years afterward, when he got adrift on strange seas of doubt for a time, the memory of that spring morning came back to him like a holy vision, and it held within it the light by which he found his way back to faith. Men often forget many things that learned theologians teach them, but they never forget that their parents knew and taught them what the gate of Heaven really meant.

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But, if the truth were told, Paul on that morning had only the vaguest ideas of what preaching meant. He had but lately found his tongue in the debates of "the Society" at the meeting-house, and was somewhat intoxicated with the pleasure of his newly discovered gift. The fact was, his desire to preach owed a good deal to the conviction that he was capable of doing quite as well as Mr. Shannon, who had begun to fail lately.

It is not an unusual thing for a shy youth to hide under his diffidence a quite preposterous pride. Paul had lately read by stealth certain modern books which sounded quite a new note—a note not found in any of the solid and respectable volumes on old Mr. Potterbee's shelves. He felt a conviction that he was born to grapple with great problems. He had attentively surveyed his forehead in the glass, and was inclined to argue from its contour the possession of genius. He was aware of the hopes with which his parents regarded him, although he was incapable of measuring the profound depths of spirituality from which they sprung.

On that April morning, when he saw his parents under the blossoming apple tree, his first sermon lay completed on his desk. He knew every word of it by heart. He was proud of it. It was an elaborate vindication of the ways of God with men, founded on the saying of Elihu that "men see not the bright light that is in the clouds."

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The place where aspirants for pulpit honors were accustomed to exercise their gifts was a small red-brick chapel on the edge of a common, that went by the name of Plumridge Green. It lay about three miles to the south of Barford, and its people were notorious for the bluntness of their speech. Many a candidate for the pulpit had buried his hopes on Plumridge Green, to the unfeigned satisfaction of its inhabitants, who made light of all genius that came from Barford.

Even Mr. Shannon rather dreaded the impassive faces of a Plumridge audience. There were half a dozen old men who used to sit near one another in the front pews, and they had a most disconcerting habit of pretending to be asleep, which might have imposed upon a person not observant enough to remark that at any error of doctrine twelve white eyebrows were simultaneously lifted, in what seemed like patient scorn.

At Plumridge Green it was that young Paul Potterbee preached his first sermon.

It was a solemn moment when he left the small house in the High Street to go upon his momentous journey.

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"Oh, my dear boy, preach Christ!" said his mother, as she drew him to her breast and kissed him. "There's nothing else worth preaching."

It made him a little uncomfortable, for he knew that there was nothing in his sermon about Christ. His father walked with him a mile upon the road, and would have liked to have gone with him all the way, but dared not. They parted at the point where the road strikes the open moor, and the dear old man stood bareheaded in the spring wind and prayed for Paul. At that moment Paul felt the strongest impulse to turn back. He was oppressed by a miserable sense that after all he had nothing to say.

"Dear Lord, be good to my boy!" pleaded the old man. "Give him utterance and knowledge. Help him to preach the grace and truth of Thy Son, our Saviour."

He took his son's hand, and asked timidly what text he was going to take. Paul told him with a blush. He dared not tell him that he had learned his sermon by heart.

"Yes, yes," the old man replied. "It's a good text. I can read God's truth in it. But don't forget that the only true light in the cloud is the bright and Morning Star. Oh, my dear boy, preach Christ!"

There was no one near, and he kissed the youth. At that moment each had an unspoken misgiving in his heart. The old man was afraid that Paul had taken a wrong text, and Paul had begun to doubt the excellence of his elaborate sermon.

"Won't you come with me, father?" said Paul, with a sudden rush of affection. There was entreaty in his voice, too, for he was growing afraid of the ordeal of preaching.

"I can't, I dare not," said the old man. "But I won't go home. I shall walk up and down the road and pray for you all the time, my son. You'll find me waiting for you here in this spot when you come back."

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He felt in his pocket, and drew from it a packet of jujubes, which he solemnly placed in Paul's hand.

"Your mother forgot to give them to you. They're good for the voice, I believe."

It sounded oddly enough, but neither recognized the oddity. It was a relief to both to smile at each other with simple human kindliness just then.

"And you must wrap your throat up after preaching. Have you got your silk handkerchief? Your mother was very particular about that."

Paul produced it, and there were tears in his eyes as he said, "Mother's always thinking of me, isn't she? I hope she'll pray for me to-night."

"We shall both be praying for you, my son. We prayed for this night eighteen years ago—when you were born."

"'IS IT PAUL?' SHE WHISPERED"

Paul moved slowly away, looking back from time to time to the small black figure silhouetted against the amber sky. He had already discerned in the distance the two "chief men" of the Plumridge Green Chapel, whose custom it was to meet the preachers from Barford half-way, in order that they might talk to them for their good during the latter part of their journey.

They were two of the six old men who sat in the front pew. They walked slowly, with shoulders sloped forward, for their backs were bent with forty years of outdoor work.

"Be you the praicher?" asked one.

Paul modestly admitted the fact.

"Well, you be a little 'un, to be sure. Let's look at 'ee, now—let's look at 'ee."

They surveyed him slowly, as though he had been a natural curiosity. Paul felt that they were quite capable of walking round him and poking their fingers into his ribs to ascertain if he were in condition. He smiled feebly and blushed vividly.

When they had completed their survey, they addressed one another on the subject.

"Well, he be a little 'un, sure enough, bain't 'ee?"

"Do look as if he have somethin' in him, howsoever."

"Bigness ain't everythin'."

"No. 'Tis said David were a little 'un."

"We shall know by the time we've done wi' him."

"An' so will he."

Whereat they smiled grimly, remembering the fate of many other promising apostles who had found martyrdom at Plumridge Green. They established themselves one on either side of the blushing Paul, as though they had been commissioned to take him into custody. In that order they proceeded along the road in silence for about half a mile.

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At last one of them said, rather unjustly, "Well, young man, you haven't much to say for yourself."

"What do you expect me to say?"

"Well, talk to us—tell us what you're goin' to praich about. Be 'ee goin' to praich to us about Peter, now?"

Paul meekly observed that he was not.

"But you must. We're fond o' Peter up hereabouts."

"But I can't," said Paul, with a touch of irritation. There was silence for a few minutes, and then his persecutors began again.

"Do 'ee praich about Peter now. Tell us; what do 'ee think o' his character?"

Paul could not understand this unreasonable obstinacy. It was a positive relief when one of the old men turned to personal questions again by asking how old he was. Paul made confession to his eighteen years, whereupon the other remarked, "Well, 'tis true, you're but a little 'un."

Plumridge Green was in sight, and at the fourth cottage on the Green his conductors stopped. There was an hour before service, and Paul was expected to take tea. The other four "chief men" had already arrived, and were carefully scrutinizing him. They began to talk about him with the most elaborate disregard of his presence.

"Potterbee's son—bain't 'ee?"

"Yes."

"Well, he ought to be fairish. But, 'tain't good fathers as made good sons. I knew a man at St. Colam once who had the cleverest headpiece anywhere round about—Rumford, his name were—an' his son were just a fool."

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"Last one we had up here praiching broke down. He'd learned his sermon, an' when Johnny Flint pushed the form over it upset him so he forgot ivery word. So we singed a hymn and went home."

"Seemed like a good sermon, too, if he only could ha' remembered it."

"No doubt, no doubt. The eggs as is never laid is always the finest."

"'Tis a pity to learn sermons. They do never sound the same. 'Tis like water from a pump—the water's good enough, but you hear the pump-handle a cracking."

"'Tain't given to iverybody to have his words flow from him nateral."

Paul felt more and more uncomfortable. He suddenly realized that he must be alone. He wanted once more to consult that excellently written discourse which lay in his breast-pocket. He was certain that he had forgotten the passage in which he treated of life as a cloudy day, and of the natural phenomenon that there was always a blue sky somewhere behind the cloud.

"I'd like to be alone for half an hour," he said. "I think I'll take a walk."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Potterbee's First Sermon, is taken from Thro' Lattice Windows, a collection of tales by W. J. Dawson. Published by The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

"Certainly, certainly," said his host. "Bless you, I'll go with 'ee. I'll show 'ee round the village now."

"But I'd rather go alone."

"Oh, but you'd get lost. You'd never find your way about. I'll go with 'ee."

The six old men looked at one another significantly. They quite understood that Paul wanted to re-read the elaborate production in his breast pocket.

"'Tis so," one said sadly. "He've learned it for certain. 'Twill be very fine, no doubt, but that sort won't bind up no broken hearts."

The words caused a curious vibration in the mind of Paul. For the first time, he looked closely at these six old men. It was not only labor that had written all those lines on their faces; the relentless grave of sorrow had been busy there also. Those deep furrows on the cheek had been the channels down which tears had rushed. And in their eyes there was a look that troubled his young heart, that suggested a hunger not of the body, a yearning for visions not of the earth.

"You'll praich about Peter, won't 'ee?" was the last word of his host, as he conducted him to the pulpit-stair. "There's a many of us here as wants comforting, and we allers feels better when we hear what the dear Lord said to Peter. I wish 'ee well, young man. Don't 'ee be afeard."

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He shook Paul's hand with clumsy cordiality, and the next moment the youth found himself face to face with his audience. The "chief men" sat in their pews, sad and monumental; three or four dozen people were sprinkled over the place. In a pew near the door sat a woman in black, with five small children; her husband had been buried the week before. The tall, consumptive-looking man by her side was her husband's brother, who had walked over from St. Colan with some vague idea of a funeral service. The only smiling face in the little chapel was that of Solomon Gill, the ploughman, who acted as precentor. But then, Gill was always happy. He glowed under the dullest sermon. The mere mention of the name of his Lord made his face kindle.

It was only by degrees that Paul saw all this. A mist was before his eyes, and a great terror clutched his heart. His voice sounded to him like the voice of some one else. It seemed like the thin echo of a voice in a dream, an attenuated voice, the ghost of a voice. He could not believe it possible that any one but himself could hear it.

It was with genuine relief that he heard the people join in the singing of the hymn he had given out—it was an assurance that he could not have been quite inaudible, after all. "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,"—yes, they were really singing. Solomon Gill looked up at him with a grateful smile—it was his favorite hymn. He began to breathe freely again and felt better.

The hymn was sung, the Scripture was read, and he had contrived to pray. But now a new terror confronted him. He was certain that he had forogtten every word of his sermon. He had forgotten where the text was. A terrible suspicion seized him that it was not in the Bible at all. In his agony he boldly dragged his manuscript out of his pocket, but his agitation was so great that he could scarcely read a word of it.

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They were singing the hymn before the sermon. In another moment or two, preach he must. He turned the Bible over with feverish hands to find the Book of Job. He could not find it. There seemed to be nothing but the Psalms in the Old Testament. It was perfectly ridiculous—Job must be in the Bible. An absurd thought occurred to him, that the Bible used at Plumridge Green chapel must be some other edition of the Scriptures. Job had been cut out of it, as the Apocrypha had. He would have to give his text out without saying where it was. But then, he did not even know the text—it was something about clouds, and that was all he knew. Darkness seemed to settle over his mind; it fell like a curtain. And then he was suddenly aware of a terrific silence. The hymn had ceased, the people were waiting for him to preach.

"You'll praich about Peter, won't 'ee? There's many of us here wants comforting."

Who was it had said that? It was a long time ago—perhaps when he was a boy. And with it there sounded like a far-away bell another sentence, "Preach Christ; there's nothing else worth preaching."

Half mechanically his hand turned to the New Testament. It was quite useless to search for the Book of Job any longer; he was certain that it was not in the Bible—at least, not in the Plumridge Green edition.

His pride hung in tatters. It was all a bitter blunder—he could not preach. All at once a light broke upon him. He was at the last chapter of Saint John's Gospel. He was actually reading out a text—"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" The mist lifted, and he saw the people sitting hushed. The "chief men" were wide awake, and their impassive faces were lifted eagerly to his. A warm rush of love, pity, sympathy, filled his young heart like a tide. He felt borne along by a wind of God—the sensation was like that he had experienced when he had dreamed he was flying. Yes; he was preaching, but he could not have told how. He was only conscious of a keen passion for souls. He felt as though he was passing into the lives of these people by some sort of miraculous instinct. The woman in black near the door was smiling through her tears; the consumptive-looking man beside her was bent forward, listening. As for Solomon Gill, his face shone like the face of an angel.

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It was over. He descended the pulpit, treading delicately, as with winged feet. He walked down the aisle in a kind of rapture, vaguely conscious of friendly faces shining on him through a heaven-tinted mist. At the door the woman in black laid her hand in his, and said something which sounded like thanks, and he saw the eyes of five small children raised to his in solemn awe.

It astonished him as he passed into the open air to find the world quite unchanged. A cuckoo was calling in the woods, the first stars of evening hung in the pale-blue sky. He hurried over the green with the blood surging in his veins. He could not contain himself. His whole experience had been so extraordinary that he found himself talking of it to the very trees as he walked. He wanted to take the whole wide world into his confidence.

At the crossroads, on the edge of the moor, he met his father that night.

"Father," he said breathlessly, "I didn't preach it. I couldn't."

"What did you preach, then, my son?"

"I tried to preach Christ," said Paul, in a low voice.

The old man put his arms round the boy's neck and kissed him.

"I knew you would, my dear boy," and there was a little quiver in his voice. "For eighteen years your mother and I have prayed for this night, and God is too good to disappoint us. You'll be an old man some day, Paul, and when you are you'll be sorry to think that you ever preached anything but Christ. If you are tempted to do so, don't forget this night."

And Paul never did forget that night.

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WITH DRAWINGS BY KATHRYN PYLE

NATURALLY enough, we were all down on the non-combatants. It is always so in the fighting lines. The teamster enlists as a teamster, and it is a very useful and necessary adjunct of an Army, but yet when the fight is on and you think of his being safe in the rear, there is a feeling against him. So with the hospital staff and others.

We had other reasons for being down on "Bones," however. In addition to being out of the row, he was the man who examined us at sick-call half the time, or when the regimental surgeon had an excuse for being absent.

There is a program about "sick-call," and it was only one variation when the hospital steward is the man you run out your tongue at. When the bugles sound the call, the ailing form in line and march up to be examined. So do the shirkers. There are generally three shirkers to one sick man. There is a widespread idea that neither the regimental surgeon nor the hospital steward is on to this fact, but that is one of the first things they discover. When we came up before "Bones" the program was:

"Sick, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's the matter?"

"Had a fever all night and was out of my head most of the time."

"Run out your tongue so I can see it."

"Yes, sir."

"Take three of these."

The looks of the tongue settled it. About one in six was excused from duty for the day; the rest were pronounced fit for drill and work. It was because we couldn't beat "Bones" that we called him "Bones." It was because he saw through our little game that we would have made his daily life miserable if we had known how.

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It was because the regulations of war put "Bones" to the rear when a fight was on that we hoped a stray bullet would search him out some day. In time "Bones" came to realize that he had no friends in the rank and file of the Seventeenth, but I must do him the justice to add that it made no difference with him. He neither prescribed more nor less physic, neither excused more nor less men from duty. He went right along doing his duty by the United States, and looking serious and conscientious over it, and this was another cause for complaint on our part.

By and by, when we were hating "Bones" with all our hearts, and things had grown so bad that the sight of him set men to yelling, we marched away to outflank Jackson, as he had outflanked Pope at Manassas. It was sharp fighting along the front from the start, and after two days' march our corps went into battle-line one morning, and we knew that there was a host of the enemy in our front.

A brigade was detached to reconnoitre the woods to our left, and later on our regiment was detached to deploy as skirmishers and draw out the concealed strength of the enemy. Away we went with a yell, glad to be in at last, and it wasn't five minutes before men began to fall pretty fast. We pushed on up to the woods, drove the gray skirmishers back, and then massed on the centre to hold a gap between the hills.

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Troops were moving up to support us and hold the ground we had gained, when the enemy came swarming out. Then for ten minutes the old Seventeenth made its war record. We held a full brigade. We did even better than that—we repulsed three determined assaults by four times our number, and we killed and wounded almost as many men as we had in the ranks.

But there was a blunder somewhere. Our supports fell back, the enemy was reinforced, and we were left there to be sacrificed. There was no panic—no retreat. It was simply that the lone regiment, realizing that it had been abandoned, broke up into detachments and fought almost without leaders and each man for himself.

Again a whole brigade moved up against us, and, though we were only seven hundred now, we poured in such a cool and deadly fire that the advance wavered—halted—broke back, and left us to wave our caps and cheer at our success. We might have retreated then, I think, but no one gave the word.

In five minutes it was too late. A regiment to an Army is as a fly to a horse. Our resistance simply annoyed. We saw a force gathering in the edge of the woods beyond, and every man felt that it was the end. Those battle-lines would walk right over us next time. We looked back to the Federal lines, but no reinforcements were on their way. If we rose up to retreat we should be swept by the grape and cannister of the guns in battery and waiting.

"It's our last fight," called man to man, as we hugged closer to the earth and drew a long breath.

In front of us lay our regimental flag, with half a dozen dead men beside it, and Colonel, Major and half the company Captains were down, dead or badly wounded.

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The gray lines had just begun to move when a shout of "Bones! Bones!" rang along our lines. It was the hospital steward, sure enough.

Of all the thousands of Federal soldiers in our rear, he alone had made his way across the fields to die with us. He had lost his cap on the way, but men knew him by his eyeglasses and long hair and hatchet face. He came on the run, and without pause he sprang over the forms lying down—over the gun-barrels pointed to the front, and, lifting up the flag, he waved it and shouted:

"Men of the Seventeenth, follow me!"

I have seen a dozen Generals leading brigades or divisions into action, but I never saw one who grew tall and heroic as rapidly as "Bones." One minute he was a hatless, bow-backed hospital steward. The next he was a hero, seeming to be six feet tall and as straight as an arrow.

We just got one look at him, and then the seven hundred men sprang up with yells and cheers and followed his lead. He turned to the left, led us straight at three guns posted there, and in the dash of forty yards or so we were quickly among them and had wiped out the artillerists.

Then it was down the hill on the other side, the men dragging the captured guns along—through the skirmish lines creeping up—around the corner of a grove, and then the Federal ranks opened with cheers to let us through. There was "Bones," still at the head, still acting as Colonel, flag-bearer and saviour, and what do you think he did and said as General Devins rode up and took the flag from his grasp and called him the hero of the Army of the Potomac? He sat down for a minute to catch his breath and wipe his glasses, and then rose up to reply:

"Why, General, I saw that the boys needed some one, and so I went down!"

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They would have made "Bones" a Captain for what he did that day, but he would have none of it. He remained a hospital steward to the end of the war, but he was "Bones" no more to the Seventeenth. His name was Drew, and we called him Colonel Drew after that day, and the man who didn't get a chance to shake hands with him at least once every twenty-four hours felt that things were somehow out of kilter.

In that perilous moment in the gap there was a chance for any one of us to have become a hero, but it was "Bones" who rose up—"Bones," the non-combatant of the hospital staff.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Colonel Drew's Only Command, is taken from the Detroit Free Press.

REV. WILLIAM JAMES DAWSON,

Minister of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, London, was born in Towcester, Northamptonshire, in November, 1854. After being educated at Kingswood School, Bath, and Didesbury College, Manchester, he entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1875, and, until his resignation, in 1892, held various appointments in London, Glasgow, and other cities.

He has lectured widely on literature and history, but it is probably as an author that he is best known, having achieved success with various volumes of poems and lyrics and several books of sermons, addresses and stories. His stories are bright, clean and wholesome; his characters well drawn. He is known personally to a number of Americans whose acquaintance he made on his lecturing tour in 1891 while he was acting as a delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Council held at Washington in that year.

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What Makes Life Worth Living

WE HEAR our reformers cry, "Equality! equality!" It has a large, liberal sound, but it is not true; there can be no permanent equality between men so long as there is growth. Individuality makes little differences that render perfect equality in the world absolutely impossible. But man does not truly want equality.

There is but one form of equality that man wants on earth—that is, constant equality with those above him in any line. And as each successive step is attained, the desire still is for equality with those still above him. This in itself is but the recognition of inequality, which is the beginning of all true progress.

As we follow this divine law of inequality, into every department of life, we see in thousands of instances that inequality means constant aim at equality. This recognition creates discontent, which is motion tending to progress and growth—and growth is life. Equality is limited, fixed, set; it is satisfaction; satisfaction produces stagnation; stagnation is death.

If there be one man in the community, richer or more powerful than the others, they naturally look up to him, see his position, feel his success as an incentive, and seek to equal it. Then progress begins. In a community where all are exactly equal in wealth or poverty there is no real growth. If there be a bright, quick mind in a group not equally clever, that mind becomes an incentive to the others, and, consciously or unconsciously, they mould their characters, to a degree, after his. So it is in every phase of life. Inequality promotes discontent, and discontent progress. The law of inequality is a grand universal law, constant and unchanging, true in every phase of Nature—physical, mental and moral.

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In these days our literature is filled with attempts to reconstruct the universe. Many ingenious schemes have been prepared and worked out carefully in elaborate detail of these lands "flowing with milk and honey." All these schemes agree in general in these points—the nationalization of land, the absorption by the Government of all property and land and business, the surrender by the citizen of nearly all his individuality, and the assumption on the part of the State of the duty to provide for the welfare of each citizen, to educate him, and to force him to accept this patronage. It is based on equality. "Equality" is their battle-cry; "equality in all things."

At the very outset any system based on equality kills hope, kills incentive, kills individuality. Every child sees that a certain marked line must be his.

When, by this system of equality, the limit to which a man may sink is fixed and clear, so must be the limit to which he must rise. In this destruction of individuality, this arbitrary limiting of growth, the individual is crushed to conform to a type. Hope, the glorious revealer to man of higher things, of wondrous possibilities, weakens and dies in the prosaic tediousness of equality.

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We do not struggle in life for mere money, position or fame, but these—plus a hope. The boy who earns his few dollars a week is proud of it, holds his head high, looks forward to some position above him that by effort he may attain. He takes pleasure in that work. The thought of advance quickens his step, brightens his eye, and throws a radiant light over the worrying, tiring details of his work. That boy is not working for a few dollars a week; he is working for that—plus a hope.

He recognizes inequality in the position above him and by that divine power within all human hearts he bridges the inequality by a hope, and his days are glad and illumined by a warm, radiant light. That hope he seeks to realize by labor, and day by day he is brought nearer that hope, nearer, till at last he reaches it. Then, that hope realized, gives birth to a new hope, and ever by this divine revelation, Hope, the majestic angel of a possible glorious future guiding our faltering footsteps through the trials of our present, shows us successive new hopes, and each new hope is but the revealing of a new difference between our present and what we may attain.

The student who enters school looks forward to graduation, then to the close of his college course with visions of medals, diplomas, degrees and valedictory honors; then to his professional life; then to his admission into some great academy of science—ever putting before him a hope that makes his present life worth living.

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The inventor in his dusty little workshop, with models, plans, drawings and sketches at his side, in the moments of his supreme confidence loses consciousness of the four smoke-stained walls around him. They seem to melt away before his eyes; he sees his wife in a magnificent home, with rich grounds around it, horses, carriages and servants at her disposal; his children laughing in the happy freedom of unconfined play; his own name ringing in all ears as "the great inventor." Then the vision fades into indistinctness, leaving only as the memory of its presence a glad look on his face, a brighter joy in his eye, and a firmer grasp of the tool in his hand as he turns again to his bench. The man is not merely working for the small sum realized from his present work, it is that—plus a hope.

And even though failure come, after the first benumbing force of the blow, hope opens our eyes to a new and, perhaps, brighter future; with fresh energy we begin again, and life again becomes bright and joyous.

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No matter how much, by any wondrous effort of the imagination, Bellamy's nationalization scheme of equality or any of the other revised universes founded on the same idea could give to the individual, it would not be enough. It would not be enough because it is fixed, because it is fully known, because there is a limit, and a limit is death to hope. Hope, by the wondrous law of inequality, showing man ever something higher and beyond, makes every day worth living. Man must ever have hope before him if he would progress. This has no end even with life, for at the thought of the close of life man projects "hope into unanswering silence of the beyond, and calls it immortality."

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The Man on the Desert Island

IT IS noteworthy that two famous men, who are indissolubly linked with the fortunes of France and with the military arm of France, were exiled on a barren island—Napoleon and Dreyfus. Napoleon was exiled by the fortunes of war; Dreyfus by the bitterness of hatred. In France the Army is the heart of the nation, the people its lungs; in America, the people are the heart, the Army its hands.

The tyranny of French Army influence prevented Frenchmen from raising even a faint cry against a glaring injustice. They instinctively felt that Dreyfus, the condemned man, was innocent, yet the despotism of a military Republic was such that they dared not utter a note of protest. When one man had the effrontery to cry "shame," they punished his audacity.

The Island of Helena long since became a historic spot; it is the silent witness of a dead Empire. The Isle du Diable will become no less historic, and it promises to mark the death of a Republic.

The fickleness of the French people was never more clearly shown. Yesterday they cried "Death to Dreyfus"; to-day they cry "Hail"; to-morrow they may cry "Long live the King." Napoleon held the French Army in the hollow of his hand; with his fall the military prestige of France received a severe blow. Dreyfus also holds the French Army in his hand, and with his rise another and even more deadly blow will fall upon the French militarism. Napoleon, on St. Helena, surrounded with rude comforts, once the idol of an Army, represented the culmination of success in failure. Dreyfus, the inmate of an iron cage, with absolutely no comforts or even necessaries of life, represents the culmination of failure in success.

Dreyfus was sent to his lonely island prison the victim of hatred; he will return the victor of public opinion. The sigh of relief which the entire world has breathed since the recent developments in the Dreyfus case shows that the cowardice of the French people may now be atoned in the eyes of the nations. Zola, the intrepid champion of the wronged man, may find that the way to the chair of an Immortal leads through the prison. Dreyfus will take up his sword, broken in public disgrace, and with it may lead France to the greatest of all conquests—the conquest of herself.

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The Millennial End of the Century

TO A CLOSE observer recent developments in Old World politics have been highly amusing. Until within a month ago the powder of Europe was dry; only a spark was needed to cause an explosion. Many thought that the Hispano-American war would be that spark; instead, it was a flood, and the powder is rendered temporarily useless.

For years the great Powers have been increasing their Armies and Navies; they have jealously watched each other's growing strength, and each has then stealthily infused a little more strengthening fluid into its own veins. But suddenly all is changed. The Kaiser and the Queen clasp hands; the Czar comes forward as the champion of peace, and France becomes so engrossed in her own troubles that she forgets her many grievances. What does it all mean? Will the closing years of the Nineteenth Century really see the millennium?

Alas, it is greatly to be feared that history will record this spasmodic, National millennium as merely opera bouffe. England, the prim maiden aunt, becomes reconciled to Germany, the dashing but refractory cavalier; Russia, the heavy villain, promises to reform his ways and lead a respectable life; while France, the coquettish soubrette, who has flirted with every one on the stage, goes home to investigate the Dreyfus scandal. Evidently the severe rebuke administered by Uncle Sam to the Spanish adventuress has set the others thinking.

But the peace intermission will doubtless not be long. The curtain will soon rise again on the world's war drama. The various scenes will be laid in China, in India, on the Nile, at the Cape, and in the heart of Africa. The peace interlude will be a temporary attraction; it has won the applause of the audience for a time, but spirited action will soon again be demanded. It is a human weakness to clamor for change; it is an appetite which is never satisfied. The world has not yet outgrown its childishness sufficient to do away with the garishness and tinsel of militarism. Modern wars, however, are as a rule no longer wars of jealousy, of plunder, or of conquest.

Where civilization cannot pursue its steady onward march in peace, it must fight its way. In the Philippines, in Cuba, in Egypt fanaticism, tyranny and mediævalism are being dealt death blows, and the world is gradually moving nearer the genuine millennium, when the circle of civilization will be complete; when wars and rumors of wars will no longer exist; when the billions of money spent in armaments will go to relieve the sufferings of humanity; when fraternity, not fratricide, will be the controlling force in human affairs.

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Authors With Character as Well as Genius

ON SEPTEMBER 8 occurred the seventieth birthday of Tolstoi. That date also marked the completion of fifty years of Tolstoi's activity as a writer. The event has been duly commemorated, and notably in New York, where a dinner, intended to be "an appreciation by his American admirers of the genius of the great Russian novelist and historian," was given in his honor on the anniversary named.

Not since Robert Louis Stevenson died, and a vast concourse of people gathered in a great public hall to honor his memory, has a like tribute been paid in this country to the genius and character of an author. In each case we may be certain that the tribute was evoked quite as much by the author's character as by his genius, and that, in fact, had high character been wanting, the tribute would not have been paid at all.

This is well worth noting. It is a consoling discovery to make at any time—this discovery that men and women reserve their best honors for character rather than for performances in literature. By that reservation they seem able to stamp more conspicuously with their approval the things that best make for righteousness in the world.

In heroes of the author class there always remains something that is finer than anything they have written. This is conspicuously true of Sir Walter Scott. It is scarcely less true of Stevenson. It is perhaps more true of Tolstoi. Tolstoi's writings have carried his name far, and will carry it to some other generations. He has made Russia familiar to thousands for whom that land, save as a brute force in war, had remained a land unknown. They had had no interest in that vast but voiceless Empire until Tolstoi, when he pictured in moving story the burden and sorrow of life there, gave it a voice heard of all men.

When men saw that Tolstoi was not alone a man writing with sympathy of social wrongs and lashing their authors "naked through the world"; when they saw also that he carried out, in his own life, the simple Christian faith he preached, living as lived the poor, selling his goods to feed the poor, Tolstoi became a hero. Men saw that he was not merely an author who flung his theories at the world's head. He lived and wrote with a purpose.

In order to admire Tolstoi it is not necessary to give in our adhesion to his radical social theories; for, as this world is now ordered and seems destined long to remain, their realization will be impossible. But it is quite within the province of all men who reverence character to applaud Tolstoi as a man of heroic stature, of lofty spirit, and the very soul of disinterested consecration to the welfare of his race. As an author, his name has literally gone round the world; but as a man he has made an impression deep in the world's central heart—a far finer, far nobler, far rarer thing to do.

CREOLE COURTSHIP

By J. McLAUGHLIN

DOWN in the old French portion of New Orleans it is highly unsafe for young unmarried men to venture alone, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. The black-eyed beauties are only too glad of the chance to capture an American, and will resort to all kinds of devices to entrap the unsuspecting youth. In order to depict this peculiar phase of Creole character I will relate the experience of my friend, Jack Lafiance, who fell a victim to Creole strategy not long ago.

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Jack met the beautiful Melanie at a soirée dansante on Rue Bons Enfants. Being a good dancer, and also a first-class waiter, he was Mademoiselle Melanie's partner for many figures, and by a judicious use of ice cream and cake gained the good will of Melanie's mamma. An invitation to call next Sunday was accepted, and the visitor then entreated to "call again." Jack did so upon the Sunday following, and was so cordially received that he repeated his visit a third time. For my friend Jack was an innocent soul, totally ignorant of Creole customs, and he walked right into the snare. On his third call Melanie's papa tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"M'sieu Lafiance, I would lak fo' see you one minute," and led him to the dining-room. Suspecting nothing, Jack followed him. Once there, the old man produced a decanter and said:

"Mon ami, tek some cognac. You will fin' it ver fine. My fodder buy it from Cavaroc. Aha, you lak it, eh! Tek cigar—nevah min', thass a real Havana, shuah. Now, fren' Lafiance, you lak fo' know fo' w'at I want see you, eh bien? M'sieu Lafiance, I have notiz yo' attentions at my daughter." (Here the luckless Jack began to protest.) "Oh, I am not displease, my de' young man! My fam'ly, seh, is one of the bes' in the city. Yes, seh, we are twenty-firs' coozin with Jean Baptist St. Louis De Lorme, whose granfodder slap the Spanish caballe O'Reilly on the chik, a hundred years ago, as you will fin' wrote down by Gayarra'. Bot, my frien', when those Yankee r-r-rascals tek ou' plantations an' ou' niggroes, seh, we was force to leave ou' place, seh, an' come yeh an' work, yes. An', mon cher ami Lafiance, I do not objec' to my daughtah choose you fo' husban', no."

Here the poor, unfortunate Jack broke in with: "But, my dear sir, you are mistaken. I did not make love to your daughter!" The old gentleman bristled up. "My de' sah, I love my fam'ly. Thass my h'only thig yeh on earth. You have visit Melanie Sunday after Sunday. You have talk with her, dance with her, sing with her. They is no otheh c'ose lef a man of honah, sah, than to ma'y her, yes, sah, to ma'y her." "But sir," blurted out Jack, "I am only a poor clerk, with fifty dollars a month, and could not support a wife even if I wanted one—which I certainly don't."

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"Ah, mon cher, thass all 'ight, the monnaie is nothing. You don't catch motch, thass true. But fo' that I don' keh me. You come live yeh, yes, an' me, I will see you have nice time, yes. Then afteh w'ile wen yo' patron he get fo' lak you mo', an' give you r-r-raise to seventy-fi' dollah, we will do ver' well, yes. So thass all fix, eh?

"Come, tek some mo' Cognac. Ah! mon cher Lafiance, you don't know w'at it is to be fodder, I suppose? Then you can't nevah on'stan 'ow please I feel w'en a young man lak you ask me fo' my daughtah! Yes, seh, you are the only young man w'at I would rathah have my daughtah than mos' anybody w'ateveh. So we will come baack to the salon w'eh I will tell to Melaine I have grant yo' demand, M'sieu Lafiance, an' to tell you the trut', you did not tek me by sopprise, no! Ah, a fodder can see w'en his daughtah love a young man! An' Melanie, she love you, ah! she dream of you. An', seh, w'en a St. Louis De Lorme love she nevah let go, no—nevah, mon cher Lafiance—but she lak the pelican, she die firs'.

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"Thass all 'ight, ami Jack, I will see Pere le Curé, an' we will mek the announcement next Sunday. You can get one li'll ring, yes, an' Melanie will be ready fo' nex' mont'. I know you don't want fo' wait long. Allons, let us tell them w'at we have arrange." And off Jack was hustled to the parlor before he could say Jack Robinson.

Although, as it happened, Melanie has proven an excellent wife, there are many who are not Melanies, and it is to put our visiting friends upon their guard against the wiles of designing Creole papas that I publish this true story of Jack Lafiance's courtship.

THE HOME OF THE QUEEN

WINDSOR CASTLE
FROM THE GARDENS

NORMAN ENTRANCE
—ARMORY

THE popular mind imagines that there is ever a romantic atmosphere surrounding the homes of Royalty. So far as Queen Victoria is concerned, it would be difficult to determine which of her several residences is really her home. Windsor Castle is given over to State observances more than are Osborne or Balmoral, and so Her Majesty does not enjoy as much seclusion at Windsor as at either of her other homes. She divides her time in summer between Balmoral, in the Scotch Highlands, and Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, both of which estates are Her Majesty's personal property.

Windsor Castle, the finest residence of English Royalty, has been used as a dwelling-place by Kings and Queens for nearly eight hundred years. It is about twenty miles outside of London. The great Round Tower, which is so noticeable a feature of the place, crowns the apex of the hill, and is a conspicuous landmark. Edward III was born there; Cromwell and Charles II lived there, and in the great quadrangle in the centre of the castle stands a statue of Charles II.

The Queen's private apartments at Windsor include those that are used for dinners, private theatricals, audiences, and similar functions. The Waterloo chamber is occasionally used for a concert or dramatic performance, but more frequently one of the three drawing-rooms is used.

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The Queen's private apartments overlook the inner quadrangle, and occupy nearly the entire eastern front of the palace. Her Majesty's bedroom which is hung in crimson and gold, and which contains an exquisitely wrought bust of the Prince Consort, overlooks the great Park, and the entire suite of apartments all lead out from the Grand Corridor.

This corridor is about five hundred feet long, and is most profusely decorated and ornamented. Along its walls are hung many paintings of the christenings and weddings of the Royal family. Then there are numbers of satin-lined cabinets which contain china of almost priceless value. In one of these cases is the Bible of General Gordon, open at the very place where he left the marker the last time he read it.

The Green, Crimson, and White Drawing-Rooms are furnished most gorgeously in the colors which give them their names. The walls and furniture are covered with the richest silks and satins, while the gold relief of the ceilings and the panelings is regally grand. The doors show the most beautiful examples of Chippendale carving. In the Green Drawing-Room is a collection of Sèvres china, bought by George IV, but which was made for Louis XVI. It is valued at $1,000,000. In the Crimson Drawing-Room is the pianoforte on which Victoria, as a girl, took her first music lesson.

The Queen's private drawing-room is all of carved oak, in pure Gothic style. The walls are covered with costly and historic paintings and fine Gobelin tapestry. In the centre of the room stands a moderate-sized table at which the Queen and her family ordinarily dine. The same chair and footstool and the same position at the table are always reserved for Her Majesty.

Should the Queen have a larger party than eight at dinner the State Dining-Room is used. This is also in oak, and contains the huge punch bowl made by Flaxman for George IV when he was Prince Regent. The whole of the work is silver-gilt. The bowl is formed of clam shells resting on a mass of rough rock work which supports coral and seaweed. The upper part represents Venus with clusters of grapes and other fruit. The Royal collection of gold plate in Windsor Castle is kept in stone rooms lined with iron, in the Prince of Wales Tower. It is valued at nearly $8,000,000.

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Dinner with the Queen is a stately meal. All the guests assemble, about ten minutes before the hour, in the drawing-room. Punctually Her Majesty enters, bows her recognition to each one present, and leads the way to the dining-room. She first seats herself and then the rest follow.

Behind each person stands a servant for his special attendance. The Queen is served first, and eats only the plainest food. The menu is written in French, and the arrangement of the table is most artistic. Her Majesty starts each subject of conversation, and no guest may ask Her Majesty a question direct.

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The meal over, the Queen rises, and all the guests rise and follow her into one of the drawing-rooms. Then she usually bows and retires to her private apartments.

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A room which comparatively few people ever enter, but which is decidedly interesting, is the private audience room. It is one of the most beautiful rooms of the palace. The walls are lined with carved satin-wood and marquetry of the highest order. The panels contain portraits by Gainsborough and Winterhalter of George III, Queen Charlotte and their children, and the children of her present Majesty. In this room, too, is a collection of jewels of various orders which have formerly belonged to crowned heads.

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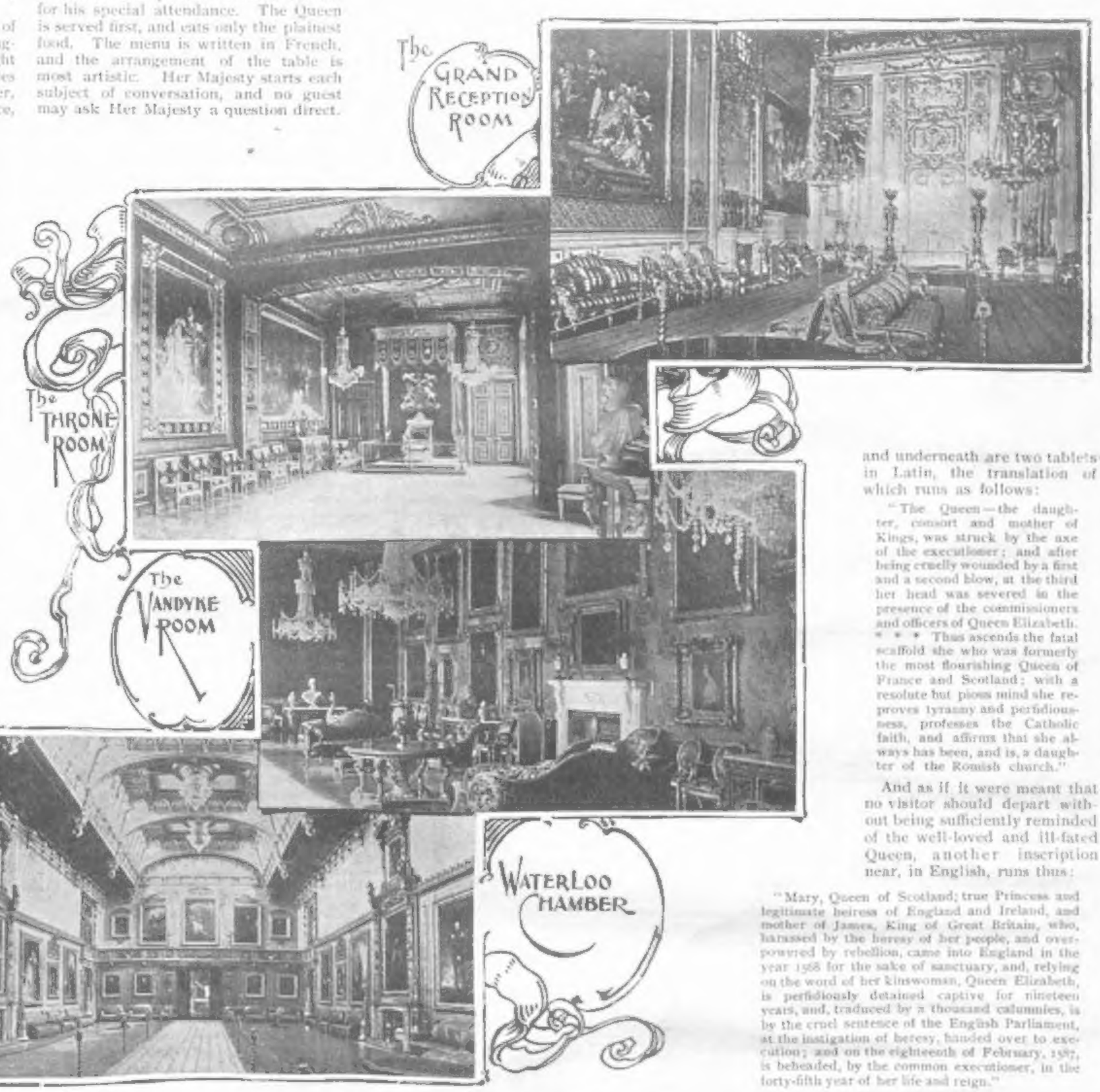
The daily life of the Queen continually varies. She takes her exercise by driving around Windsor Park and Frogmore in her donkey carriage. She will allow no lights in her private apartments save that given by the purest wax candles, but electricity has been introduced into the State apartments. She is a most indefatigable worker, and her fingers are usually engaged in knitting. She cannot endure laziness in any one about her, and for every member of her family she finds some employment. On Sunday divine service is held in her private chapel, which communicates with her apartments. On Sunday afternoon the Queen is often a spectator of the thousands of people who promenade the lower terraces listening to the music of one of the Guards' bands, which play by Royal command.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are all furnished in regal style. They comprise ten lofty and spacious salons. The Waterloo Chamber contains many portraits of Waterloo heroes by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



This room, lighted only from the roof, is a magnificent apartment, and is only used for state banquets, and for the dramatic and operatic performances that the Queen occasionally commands to be given here. The Vandyke Room is filled with the works of that famous artist, and is one of the most interesting rooms in Windsor Castle.

St. George's Hall is where the Queen confers the Order of the Garter, which it will be remembered was instituted at Windsor, in 1349, by Edward III. At the upper end of this hall is the throne, raised on a dais. On one side of the room are hung the portraits of England's Sovereigns, on the other are the coats-of-arms of all the original Knights of the Garter. The ceiling is most elegantly ornamented. Over one door of the Audience Chamber is a full-length portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, and another of her execution, and underneath are two tablets in Latin, the translation of which runs as follows:

"The Queen—the daughter, consort and mother of Kings, was struck by the axe of the executioner; and after being cruelly wounded by a first and a second blow, at the third her head was severed in the presence of the commissioners and officers of Queen Elizabeth. * * * Thus ascends the fatal scaffold she who was formerly the most flourishing Queen of France and Scotland; with a resolute but pious mind she reproves tyranny and perfidiousness, professes the Catholic faith, and affirms that she always has been, and is, a daughter of the Romish church."

And as if it were meant that no visitor should depart without being sufficiently reminded of the well-loved and ill-fated Queen, another inscription near, in English, runs thus:

"Mary, Queen of Scotland; true Princess and legitimate heiress of England and Ireland, and mother of James, King of Great Britain, who, harassed by the heresy of her people, and overpowered by rebellion, came into England in the year 1568 for the sake of sanctuary, and, relying on the word of her kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, is perfidiously detained captive for nineteen years, and, traduced by a thousand calumnies, is by the cruel sentence of the English Parliament, at the instigation of heresy, handed over to execution; and on the eighteenth of February, 1587, is beheaded, by the common executioner, in the forty-fifth year of her life and reign."

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St. George's Chapel, which was begun by Edward IV in 1461, and not completed until the sixteenth century, has an interior whose architectural beauty is indescribable. The roof is richly ornamented, and banners and escutcheons hang above the carved oaken stalls. Here is the beautiful memorial to Princess Charlotte, who is represented as lying upon her couch, as if just expired, with a sheet thrown over her, through which one can see her face as through a veil. The chapel also contains a monument to Empress Eugénie's son, the Prince Imperial, who, had he lived, would have married Princess

Beatrice and become the Queen's son-in-law, and bears the following inscription:

> "To Napoleon Louis Eugene John Joseph, the only son of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, and of the Empress Eugénie, sorrowing friends have erected this monument; born March 16, 1856; died June 1, 1879.
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> "The well-beloved youth, the comrade of our soldiers, slain in the African war, and thence carried to the tomb of his father, Queen Victoria embraceth as her guest, in this holy domicile of kings, represented in funeral marble as he is."

The Zuccarelli room is hung with the pictures of sacred art by that painter. Among these is the famous work depicting the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca—the picture that made his fame, and which proved to be the entrance-wedge of his success in England. These paintings were all purchased and placed here by George III.

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The state ante-room is famous for a ceiling by Verroi, the subject being the banquet of the gods. There are some fine tapestries here, and a statue of the Queen by Bondin.

The Albert Memorial Chapel, decorated by Salviati, is one of the handsomest interiors in the world. The floor is of costly marble, while the walls and ceilings are richly encrusted mosaics, which form a marvelous study in colors. Here are the tombs of the Duke of Albany and the Prince Consort, although the body of the latter lies at Frogmore, about a mile from the castle. The public is allowed to enter the Royal mausoleum at Frogmore on one day in the year—December 14, the anniversary of Prince Albert's death.

The Windsor Great Park is connected with the palace gardens by the Long Walk, a splendid avenue three miles long lined with stately elms, many of them planted by Charles II. This park extends over nearly two thousand acres. Here is Windsor Forest, and a majestic oak is pointed out as Herne's oak, which Shakespeare mentions.

Not long ago a lot of valuable objects were found stored away in Round Tower. They have recently been arranged systematically, and are now exhibited in the lower vestibule, which adjoins the "Equerries' Entrance." Among other trophies are eleven articles of spoil taken from the Dervishes in a recent Egyptian campaign and presented by Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener. Of these, the most noteworthy are a curious suit of mail, with gauntlets and a steel helmet, padded, which belonged to the Emir Osman Eyret, second in command at the famous battle of Ferket; a Kabbish shield of hippopotamus hide, showing a tremendous sabre cut, and several other articles which probably belonged to Wad Bishara.

There is also in this collection a suit of Chinese lacquered black armor belonging to a Tartar chief; Eastern saddle and cloth embroidered with raised gold lace; breast-plate of gold from the Dey of Algiers. A crusader's sword is in this collection, which was captured from an Egyptian fanatic at Ferket. There are war clubs, battle-axes, spears, etc. One case of arms was "made for George, Prince of Wales, 1715."

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The collection also contains a feather cloak given by the King and Queen of Hawaii in 1824. This is more curious than beautiful. It is made of feathers from the "Oo," or Royal bird. These birds are black, and have one yellow feather under each wing. These yellow feathers predominate in the cloak, and its value is computed at $50,000.

Aside from its curiosities and its treasures, Windsor is an ideal palace for the ruler of the British Empire. Its architectural beauties are intensely English, and every tree, every stone is full of memories. Its venerable age commands the respect of even the casual observer, and he who visits England and fails to see Windsor misses seeing one of the most historic as well as one of the most beautiful of the castles of Old England.

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The Hero of KHARTOUM

What Kitchener has done in the SOUDAN

LATE developments in Anglo-Egyptian affairs have served to direct public attention anew to one of England's youngest Major-Generals, Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener. The masterful way in which this young Englishman has conducted his campaign against the Mahdists proves that he is a soldier of exceptional courage and ability.

He is now Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief, of the Anglo-Egyptian Army, and has held that position since 1892. He is only forty-eight years old, and was, therefore, but forty-two when he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell, the brilliant Major-General who was famous in the Kafir War of 1878, in the Zulu War of the following year, in the Egyptian and Nile expeditions, and who was Sirdar of Egypt from 1885 to 1892.

To have succeeded so distinguished a soldier involved a serious responsibility, but Sir Herbert has made a noteworthy success of his command, and events have proved that he is truly a remarkable commander, organizer and strategist.

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General Kitchener is a soldier by birth and education. His father was Lieutenant-Colonel Kitchener, of the Thirteenth Dragoons. In 1871, when only twenty-one years of age, Sir Herbert entered the Royal Engineers. Three years later he was peacefully employed in the Palestine and Cyprus surveys, and in 1879 was made Vice-Consul in Anatolia, in Asia.

During this time trouble arose in Egypt, and in 1882 Great Britain sent a superb army to protect the Khedive of Egypt against an attack by his own subjects.

The campaign was remarkably successful, and ever since then Great Britain has had a controlling voice in the Government of Egypt. But later, when Arabi Pasha's army was completely routed, a cloud arose on the southern side of Egypt which burst into an appalling storm.

The Mahdi, or False Prophet, threatened not only the peace and welfare of the peasants of the Nile region, but even the existence of the Egyptian Government. In his train were hosts of fanatical Mohammedans, slave-dealing Arabs, and the discontented subjects of the Khedive.

But Great Britain refused to send any English soldiers to restore quiet. The Egyptian soldiers, though officered by Englishmen, of whom Captain Kitchener was one of the ablest, were powerless to check the advance of the warrior-prophet, who laid the Soudan waste with fire and sword. Still Great Britain refused to interfere until the ruinous defeat of Egyptians under Colonel Hicks made such interference imperative.

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In January, 1884, Gordon went to Egypt to see what could be done, and the series of Mahdist victories was temporarily broken. During the campaign which followed, Kitchener displayed such bravery that he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel.

Lord Wolseley, who had in the meantime gone to Egypt at the head of the English army, was ordered to take his army back to Europe, and Kitchener and some fellow-British officers remained behind in the Soudan to do what they could to make good soldiers of the natives. After the hardest kind of training, the raw recruits under Kitchener began to show that they would make reliable soldiers. And in view of the fact that their experience in war had been but one continuous defeat, it speaks volumes for Kitchener's patience and courage that he could make soldiers out of such unpromising material.

In April, 1884, Khartoum was closely invested. Gordon made frequent sallies out of Khartoum and defeated the rebels, but they continued to surround him with increasing numbers. The relief expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley was finally despatched from England, and reached Egypt in November, 1884, but it was delayed and unable to reach Khartoum. Then followed the tragic end of the siege on the morning of January 26, 1885, when Khartoum was surrendered and General Gordon was infamously killed. The disaster and the fate of Gordon were not known, however, until long afterward.

In 1886 Kitchener was made Governor of Souakim. In the following year Osman Digna, finding his influence waning, summoned all his available tribesmen to a village near Souakim and prepared to carry out his long-projected attack upon the Egyptian garrison.

Colonel Kitchener determined to take the offensive, and he succeeded in surprising Digna. But his Soudanese, in the ardor of their pursuit of Osman, were carried too far. Kitchener was badly wounded in the face, and his blacks were exposed to a galling fire, but by a series of clever movements he managed to bring them off in good order.

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Owing to impaired health, Kitchener returned to England for a short time, but was soon needed in Egypt, and in one engagement so badly defeated the Mahdist hosts that peace reigned in the Soudan for over a year afterward.

There is now little of importance to chronicle, so far as Colonel Kitchener is concerned, until we come to the beginning of 1896. The Southern provinces of Egypt were in the hands of the Khalifa, and were being desolated by the bloodthirsty tyrant. Occasionally he would attack the Egyptian forces, and though generally badly beaten, he had managed to inflict severe losses upon the troops of the Khedive.

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In January, 1894, a curious incident happened. The young Khedive, who owes his throne and security to such men as Colonel Kitchener, commented in an offensive way upon the appearance and discipline of certain Egyptian regiments, for whose training Sirdar Kitchener was, of course, responsible. Colonel Kitchener threatened to resign. But the Khedive had to make ample apology.

It was not very long before the Egyptian troops had an opportunity of again showing their young ruler of what excellent stuff they were made, and how well they had profited by the training Sir Herbert and his brother officers had given them. In the spring of 1896, the insurgents, under Osman Digna, began once more to threaten Southern Egypt.

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In March it became known that Sir Herbert Kitchener was to take charge of an expedition to those fertile provinces of the Soudan which the Khalifa, the successor of El Mahdi, had been laying waste. As Sir Herbert and his troops pushed their way up the Nile they were everywhere welcomed by the inhabitants of the towns and villages. Merchants and peasants alike showed plainly that, though Englishmen might not be all agreed as to the wisdom of this new expedition, they, for their part, were heartily glad that the plundering and murdering Dervishes were likely to get a thorough beating.

The Sirdar brought up his supplies of food and ammunition, his batteries and stores of forage for the thousands of camels, and by the end of May an army of 10,000 British, Egyptian and Soudanese troops, perfectly equipped and in excellent health and spirits, had passed beyond Wadi Halfa, and were ready and eager to meet any force the enemy could marshal against them. Sir Horatio's preparations had been made without a hitch. The engineer officers were busy with the repair or construction of a railway which was now carried sixty miles beyond Wadi Halfa; roads, too, were being made, and every precaution taken to ensure victory whenever the inevitable big fight should come.

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At the end of the first week in June it was known in the camp at Akasheh that the Dervishes were massing at Ferket, sixteen miles away, and that Sir Herbert Kitchener had determined to attack them at dawn on the 7th of June.

Dividing his forces into two columns, he advanced on the evening of the 6th, with the first column over rocky, boulder-strewn ground toward Ferket, and so silently was this night advance effected that his men were upon the Dervishes before they were aware of any danger.

The second column, which Sir Herbert had ordered to march by a circuitous route and intercept the enemy's flight, was soon seen on the hills in the Dervish rear. The Emirs, thus threatened in front and in the rear, were in desperate straits, and they fought with dogged bravery. But it was of no use. Wild charges of Baggara horsemen, "those Red Indians of the Desert," were repulsed with magnificent coolness by the Egyptian and Soudanese infantry, and in two hours from the firing of the first shot the Soudanese were in full pursuit of the defeated and flying foe.

Sir Herbert's strategy had triumphed, and a crushing defeat had been inflicted upon the most cruel and ferocious of all the tribes which served under the Khalifa's banners.

SIR HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER

SIRDAR OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN ARMY

As has been well said in his delightful letters from the Soudan, by Mr. Knight, himself an eyewitness of the fight, "It appears to be the Sirdar's policy to advance deliberately, step by step; to make his position secure after each step before venturing on another; to run no unnecessary risks, but at the right moment to strike hard with unexpected suddenness and to follow up the blow with energy."

The next duty of Sir Herbert and his fine little Army was to wait for the rise of the Nile, so that his stern-wheel steamers could pass over the cataracts. This waiting was a hard task. Every one was keen to get to Dongola, and yet hurry was impossible. The summer of 1896 was hot even for the Soudan, and cholera, more dreaded than any Mahdi, soon made its appearance in camp.

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Disease swept off between two hundred and three hundred of the troops. The heat continued to be terrific, while now and again severe storms of sand and rain made life in camp almost intolerable.

At length the weary weeks of waiting passed, and early in September the advance to Dongola began. By river and road—if desert tracks can be dignified by such a title—the tireless Sirdar pushed forward his troops. His arrangements were again excellent, and he was splendidly supported by the gunboats which had by now safely ascended the dreaded cataracts. Below Dongola there was a determined resistance to the advance, and the steamers had to forge their way up the river through a storm of lead.

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Then it was that the Sirdar played a bold and brilliant game. He determined to cross the Nile and strike Dongola on that side of the town which was practically at the mercy of a well-armed foe. The Nile here is a mile and a half to two miles wide, and runs swift and strong. But in about twelve hours the whole Army of 10,000 to 12,000 men, with horses, camels, artillery, and baggage had crossed safely in the boats.

The Dervishes now saw that all was over. They did, it is true, keep up for a time a sharp artillery fire, but this was only for the purpose of covering their retreat, and on the 23d of September the Sirdar made victorious entry into Dongola.

The campaign closed. Sir Herbert was promoted to be Major-General. He had rescued a fertile province from barbarism; he had opened up the Nile to commerce for some hundreds of miles, and he had removed a cruel yoke from the necks of tens of thousands of peace-loving peasants.

The campaign of the following year (1897), though in some respects less full of exciting incidents, resulted in a further and material advance toward the ultimate possession of Khartoum. It was, moreover, characterized by the same masterful energy and thoroughness which had marked the Sirdar's conduct in preceding years.

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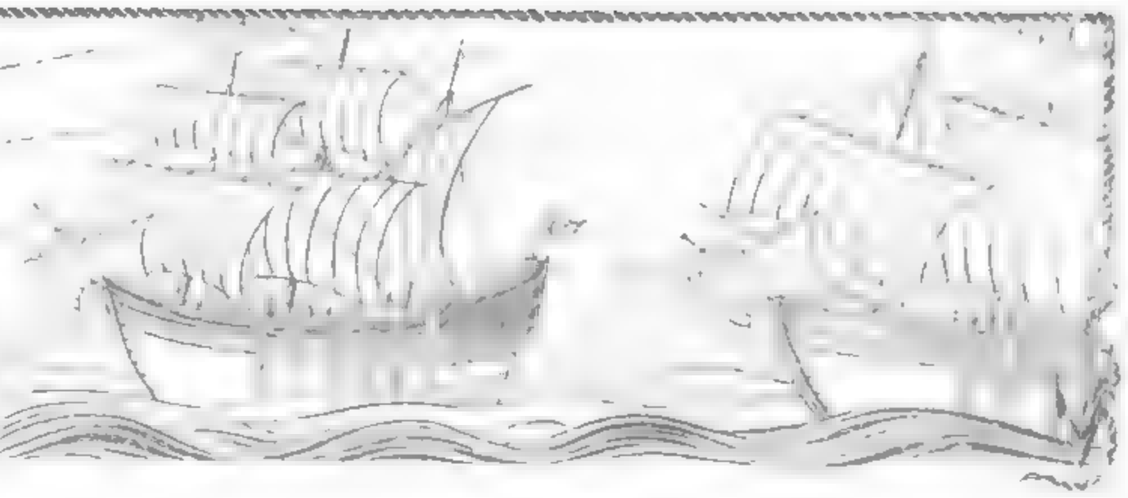
The campaign of the present year has been stubbornly fought, but the excellent training of the native soldiers and the tonic of success have exerted their influence, and with such an intrepid leader as Kitchener England's supremacy in Egypt is firmly established. The cause of the Mahdists is wrecked beyond repair.

The capture of Omdurman, which is directly across the river from Khartoum, will record in history one of the most brilliant of cavalry charges. News accounts say that the work of the cavalry was one of the features of the battle. Every man who fell in the charge was immediately hacked to pieces by the fanatical Dervishes, yet the Lancers reformed as coolly as if on parade. In spite of the fact that the odds were vastly against them, the fanatical Dervishes fought like fiends incarnate, but were soon completely routed.

The fall of Omdurman is but another proof that a death blow has been dealt to Mahdist fanaticism and barbarity. Complete success has marked every step in the advance on the Soudan, and the honor for this rests primarily upon Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener. The Sirdar is a great soldier: no detail escapes his eye; no opportunity is overlooked. His tall, athletic figure seems gifted with indomitable energy, and, as Lord Salisbury has said: "He is a singular master of desert warfare." Without doubt Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is to-day the most prominent man in the British Army.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY



Investigator-General of the United States

In his visit to the temporary camp of the Fifth Army Corps at Montauk Point President McKinley paid a merited compliment to the officers and men who had borne the brunt of the land fighting before Santiago. He was enthusiastically welcomed by 5000 troops, made them a speech replete with personal and National gratitude, and gave an order for all the regulars from stations of the Mississippi to return at the earliest possible moment.

The crowning feature of the event, however, and the one which will be the most widely and deeply appreciated, was his work as an Inspector. "I want to go everywhere in the hospital. I want to see all of the boys who are sick, and I want to hear from their own lips that they are comfortable. If there is anything the country can do for these men who have suffered for it, they shall have it."

He did go everywhere—even through the "dangerous ward," and talked with probably every sick man in the camps, turning back after he had completed his round to cheer a dying soldier who had been overlooked. His escort grew weary over the slow, patient and thorough manner with which he did his own investigating, but at the end no man knew so well as he the exact conditions of Camp Wikoff.

Spain's Last Colonial Link in Asia

The day the Spanish Cortes assembled in extraordinary session to act on the protocol of peace the Government received the reply of General Jaudenes, temporary Governor of the Philippine Islands, to its request for information concerning the transformation of affairs in the archipelago. The Governor reported, in effect, that to assure the re-establishment of Spanish sovereignty over the islands would require a permanent Army of 60,000 men, a fleet, and endless quantities of materials.

In her present financial state, Spain can afford neither of these necessities, and it is doubtful if her best friends, Austria and France, would dare aid her. Coincident with this report, was a declaration of a deputation of Southern Filipinos, representing the best class of natives of Panay, Mindoro, Cebu, and Mindanao, to United States Consul Williams, at Hongkong, that all classes on their islands desired annexation to the United States. They considered independence impracticable, and further Spanish or Tagal rule utterly intolerable.

Cotton is Still the American King

The annual report of Secretary Hester, of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, for the cotton year 1897-8, recently ended, indicates a greater advance in all branches of the cotton industry than has hitherto been reported. At 11,199,091 bales, the crop shows an increase of nearly 2,250,000 bales over that of the previous year. The total value, $320,553,000, is over $1,100,000 less than that of a year ago, owing to a reduction of about $8 per bale.

The State of Texas and Indian Territory together are again given first rank in production, their crops aggregating more than a third of the general increase. In the East and West manufacturing continued depressed, in the South it increased largely, and in the North and South together the takings were the heaviest on record, amounting to 3,444,000 bales.

In the eight years following the census year the number of cotton spindles in the country increased from 14,550,000 to 19,284,000, the North and East principally the New England States, gaining 2,290,000, and the Southern States 2,444,000. In the remarkable development in manufacturing in the South, previously noted in these columns, those States have acquired 491 mills, some of them being the largest in the world, and 4,056,244 spindles.

French Panic Forced by German Emperor

To the French nation the bitterest feature of the sensational disclosures of forgery in the case of Captain Dreyfus was that they were forced by the Emperor of Germany. Colonel Schwarzkoppen, a former military attaché of the German Embassy in Paris, to whom it was alleged that Captain Dreyfus had delivered copies of plans and documents showing the new fortifications, armament, and general military condition of France, appealed to his Emperor for relief from the constant persecution of the French. He declared on his honor as a soldier that he had never known Captain Dreyfus, that he has never had any dealings with him while stationed in Paris; and that the letter which it was alleged Colonel Panizzardi, the Italian military attaché at Paris, had written, mentioning Dreyfus by name, was a forgery.

The Emperor immediately had these statements communicated to the French Government, with a demand that the continued repetition of the calumny against Colonel Schwarzkoppen in France must cease. On this, M. Cavaignac, the French Minister of War, began an investigation to ascertain the author of the crime. He declared Captain Dreyfus guilty, but he worked on clues from Berlin and Rome till a confession of forgery by Lieutenant Colonel Henry, of the General Staff and the suicide of that officer, created a panic throughout France, and threatened serious relations with Germany.

The Interest of the United States in Samoa

In diplomatic circles it is deemed probable that the recent death of King Malietoa, of Samoa, may result in a disruption of the only foreign alliance the United States is publicly known to have. The tripartite agreement of the United States, Great Britain and Germany for the joint government of the Samoan [illegible] Islands, was made under peculiar circumstances, as a compromise of conflicting National interests. One King was deposed and exiled, and the one now dead was jointly recognized as the rightful ruler of the natives, under the direction of a supreme judicial officer, a native of America.

The agreement of the three nations controlling the islands has been far from satisfactory to either, and a breaking of the compact would [illegible] Great Britain as second. The United States is mainly benefited because it holds title to ground for a coaling station at Pago Pago, on the Island of Tutuila, which it is about preparing for use. If we are allowed this island for a Pacific naval and coaling station, we will willingly permit Great Britain and Germany to hold the other two.

Great Britain and Germany Clasp Hands

Rumor has become active concerning an alliance between Great Britain and Germany, indicating a combination against Russia and France in certain contingencies. It is officially acknowledged that London and Berlin are united in the matter of the retention of Egypt. Germany prefers that England, rather than France, should hold Egypt. It is also known that the British plans for the advancement of Egypt have been hampered by the Mixed Tribunal in Egypt through Russian and French influence with the Court.

The alleged new alliance may be for the purpose of securing German support for the British plans relating to the Mixed Tribunal and the future control of the region just conquered by the Anglo-Egyptian expedition; and it may possibly be an understanding concerning the interests of both countries in the rest of Africa. Influential newspapers in London and Berlin, while reservedly acknowledging a new agreement, deny that it embraces an offensive and defensive alliance in certain eventualities; yet the Pall Mall Gazette declares itself satisfied that a general Anglo-German agreement has been reached to act together in various quarters of the globe whenever necessary.

Effects of Lieut.-Colonel Henry's Confession

The confession of Lieutenant Colonel Henry, of the General Staff of the French Army, that he had forged the letter on which the Government had relied to establish the righteousness of the conviction of Captain Dreyfus of treason, reopened the strange story of that young officer, and produced the greatest excitement France has known since the war with Prussia. The reputations of several of her best known military men, which had been staked on the genuineness of this letter, suddenly dissolved like butter. The distinguished chief of the General Staff immediately resigned in deepest chagrin, other officers speedily followed his example, the integrity of a group that was conspicuous in the Zola trial was seriously compromised, and, when it became evident that the case against Dreyfus would have to be revised, the Minister of War withdrew from his high office.

In the farcical trial of Zola, who sought to bring out the truth concerning Dreyfus, it seemed as if the Government had determined that all essential facts should be suppressed. The first effect of Lieutenant Colonel Henry's acts was to place a stigma on the officers of the General Staff and of the Army, the idol of the people, the support of which is said to render imperative a reopening of the case against Dreyfus in such a calm and open manner that the world may judge the value of the evidence and be satisfied.

Urging Peace and Ordering Batteries

The most positive and significant criticism of the Czar's disarmament circular to the Powers has come from the Military Council of Russia itself. The War Office having become convinced that the field artillery is the weakest arm of the service especially as regards quick firing guns, the Military Council has urgently recommended the complete rearmament of the forces with the latest type of quick firing guns. Nothing remains to be done excepting to decide where to place the orders for an expeditious supply of the new weapons. Strong objection is raised to further Army and Navy contracts going to Germany, and the United States and France are favored for the new supply of peace makers.

In the meanwhile, the Foreign Office is arranging to convene the Czar's projected International Disarmament Conference in St. Petersburg a month after the adjournment of the American-Spanish Peace Conference in Paris.

International Yacht Race Assured

It took the New York Yacht Club less than two hours to officially receive, consider and accept the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Ireland to sail a series of matches for possession of the famous and much coveted America Cup. The celerity with which the negotiations were conducted manifested a high type of sportsmanship on the part of the Joint Committee, and afforded a pleasing contrast with the voluminous details of the memorable Dunraven challenge.

Under the challenge the races will be sailed in October, 1899, between the cutter yacht Shamrock, to be built for the purpose by Sir Thomas Lipton, a member of the Ulster Club, and a yacht to be built by a member or members of the New York Club. It is pleasing here to note that after the challenge was forwarded to New York, Sir Thomas telegraphed a contribution of $10,000 for the relief of disabled American soldiers.

Making the Cuban Insurgents Work

Major General Lawton, who was left in command of the American military force in Santiago de Cuba, has proved himself equally able as a soldier and civil administrator, and has struck the keynote of the solution of the problem of the future of the insurgents. It is, in brief, "Go to work."

He is giving the city sanitary conditions superior to any it has hitherto had, and is doing much of this work by the aid of the former insurgents. Almost every day squads of Cubans from the suburbs go to the American commander begging food. When they surrender their arms, he feeds them and puts them to work.

He has announced that he will supply rations to all Cubans who go to the city, give up their arms, and pay for what they receive with work, but will do nothing for those who persist in maintaining an armed semi-organization. Besides the work in the city that he has to give out, he calls attention to the plantations that are suffering from lack of men to make harvests. He is not only encouraging a return to industrial pursuits, but is bringing about the disarmament of the insurgents and a recognition of the fact that the United States Government, and not the insurgents, is master of the situation.

The Crime Avenged at Khartoum

After a lapse of more than thirteen years, England, through the consummate generalship of Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener, has avenged the assassination of one of her gentlest and most accomplished servants, Charles George Gordon.

The life of this gallant English officer was illuminated by the brilliancy of extraordinary military and civil achievement, and darkened by lack of appreciation and by inexcusable neglect. A Royal Engineer and Major-General of most distinguished service, a Commander in Chief of the Chinese Army, [illegible] of the great Tai Ping rebellion, the saviour of Europe, the Governor of the tributary Soudan, an uncompromising and successful foe of human slavery, and the representative of the British Government at Khartoum, he was left almost entirely alone among the maddened tribesmen in Khartoum, and on January 27, 1885, was brutally murdered by them on the steps of his dwelling place.

He had felt severely the neglect of his Government, but erroneously believed he had won the confidence of the people. "Chinese" Gordon was equally eminent as soldier, diplomatist, Christian, and peace maker. Had he received adequate support there would have been no necessity for the Anglo-Egyptian expedition of to-day.

Endless Chain that Encircled the World

When war was declared against Spain, a young girl just emerging into womanhood, Natalie Schenck of Babylon, Long Island, conceived the idea of raising money for the relief of our soldiers who might become sick or wounded by means of [illegible] of letters, each asking for a contribution of ten cents. She accordingly wrote four friends numbering each one, asking that each recipient should also write four similar letters, also numbered, and in turn requesting each recipient to send out four more.

The scheme worked admirably. Miss Schenck in blissful ignorance of the mathematical progression involved in her plan, soon began to receive a heavy mail. The number of letters increased rapidly before many weeks she was receiving more than 12,000 a day. Inclosures in postage stamps, pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollars, bills and checks ranged from one cent to $1000, and when the ninety-eighth series began coming in the amount aggregated over $20,000. It was estimated that if the chain was kept up till the one hundredth series of letters was received in full the total number of letters would have exceeded the total population of the world.

Breaking the Anti-American Alliance

A flood of light has been shed on the attempts of Spain to induce the European Powers to interfere in her behalf in the war, by the London Spectator, and William Walton, editor of the London Year Book. The latter, the most circumstantial in his testimony, declares that the French Government secured the support of the other Continental Powers, Germany, and our supposed great friend, Russia, included, in a plan to rescue Spain, administer a rebuke to American ambition, and assert European supremacy in the complications looming up in the Western world.

Only the cooperation of Great Britain was needed, and this was deemed easy of attainment by setting up the plea that she had suffered more than any other European nation through the marvelous development of the United States. With this argument for preamble, the plan was disclosed to Lord Salisbury, and his adhesion urged. His reply was a thunderbolt. "Abandon the plan at once or Her Majesty's Government will join forces with the American Government and declare war on France and such supporters as may come to her assistance." This message convinced the Spanish Government of the utter hopelessness of its struggle.

Volunteer Soldiers for Regulars

A reorganization and enlargement of the United States Army have been rendered imperative by recent events. That Army is now about 10,000 men below the strength authorized by Congress last spring. No permanent change can be effected till Congress meets, in December. In the meantime, unforeseen conditions have provided an opportunity for raising the strength of the Army without resorting to the enlistment of raw recruits. Already several thousands of volunteer officers and men have expressed desire to remain in Army life after being mustered out of the volunteer organization. It would be an easy matter to raise the effective force of the Regular Army to the authorized limit of over 60,000 by selections from these disciplined volunteers, and also to retain a sufficient number for garrison duty in the new possessions to swell the regular force to 100,000 men, which is the figure generally accepted as to the size of the Army of the future should Congress so decree.

Courage in Common Life

By LEWIS O. BRASTOW, D. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Fifteen

STRENGTH and courage are inseparable, and the injunction to be strong is nearly equivalent to the injunction to be courageous. "Be strong" can only mean "Rally the strength you have." "Be courageous" means "Concentrate your strength."

Courage, then, is the application of manly force in confronting obstacles. Courage is strong heartedness. Etymologically it suggests that the heart is the innermost centre, "the rallying ground" of the forces of moral manhood. Of one who does not or cannot rally his resources of strength, we say that he is discouraged, disheartened, has lost heart. We are dealing, therefore, with a rational rather than with an animal quality. It is a virtue in so far as it involves a rational, self-determined effort in confronting the contradictions of life. It is a quality of character rather than a condition of nerve or muscle.

It is the courage of intelligence, of freedom, the courage of self-determined moral purpose, the courage of moral strength, and it has many forms. Their ethical quality is conditioned by the influences that produce them, or by the principles that enter into them and the motive forces that dominate them. The courage inculcated by my text would of course take the form of a Hebrew virtue. But I wish to transfer this injunction to the realm of Christian morality, and to speak of the more specifically Christian forms of that moral strength which involves moral courage.

1. Such courage is preeminently the courage of a rational faith. In every struggle physical, political, moral whatever it may be, a man needs good footing. It is an athlete's first necessity to look out for his feet. The moral athlete who makes a determined and successful stand against the difficulties of life must have good standing ground.

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Faith gives us footing. Skepticism is a sapper and miner. It takes the ground from under our feet. A man must feel that he has something under him, something he can trust. Difficulty brings one to a stand, throws him back upon some resource. Courage is the rallying of strength for resistance. It is will rallying the dormant or scattered forces of manhood to conflict. The rally must be made from the basis of something to which one is self-committed in mental and moral confidence.

One must know that he stands on something that he can trust. In any difficulty or danger the mind must be in a positive attitude of confidence. No man can fight difficulties in the air. There is nothing but moral imbecility in personal distrust or doubt. It is not religion alone, but morality; nor yet morality also, but the want of life and the make of the soul, that demands faith. An over-skeptical habit of mind involves moral paralysis. In any difficulty one sees as never otherwise how necessary it is to believe in something, to believe in it positively and energetically, and even in spite of one's self and all appearances.

Faith is vantage ground for the battle of life. A man may find a certain standing ground in himself. Well, God has put strength into manhood, and

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and a man ought to be able to believe in himself. To distrust one's self in a pinch is to invite defeat. It is not safe to suspend one's self in the uncertainty of self-distrust

One must trust other men also. No one can stand alone. We are obliged to believe in our fellow men. A man must also trust the world in which he lives, and above all the God who is over it and in it. In other words, the courage of all soundest moral strength centres in faith, in a higher power above us, and in the moral order of the world. A surrender of faith in God and Providence would leave the world in the mockery of despair. And I question if there be not in all rational faith in personal manhood, in fellow men, and in the world in which we live, a certain latent or implicit confidence in a higher power and in a moral order that has a rational and moral beginning and goal. Certain it is that when men begin to think ethically and rationally they are obliged to postulate the reality of God as a basis of faith in the ultimate victory of life.

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This courage of faith in God is the old Hebrew courage. The courage of self-confidence is no Hebrew virtue. That would be disloyalty to God. To be strong is to be strong in God. It is the God of the fathers, the covenant God, that is committed to them and will see them through. And the one great central virtue of Hebrew ethics was faith in a covenant God.

The same stress is put upon faith in the ethics of the Christian life. And this is not incongruous, for Christianity as related to the moral conflict of life, Faith is a fundamental virtue faith that we shall add a manly courage. This conception of a Father God who would make us His own possession, would hold us in us the shield of His loving protection, and carry us victoriously through into the crown-heights of our redemption, is ever struggling into view in all prophetic Scriptures, and it breaks forth in all its completeness and magnificence in the revelation of God as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is the God of redemption that is committed to us and will see us through the struggle of life. The greater includes the lesser good. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things?" is the word of lofty cheer. Christian courage, then, is the courage of faith in the calling of redemption as the divine calling of life.

2. It is the courage of rational moral conviction. Conviction involves the action of truth in the conscience. It gets lodged there in the way of moral conquest. Moral truth is well intrenched only when it is intrenched in an intelligent conscience, and the only valiant soldier in its army is the man who carries it about with him in his moral conviction as a man carries his life and force in the blood of his heart. The man who is morally mastered by the truth is himself masterful. To be thus morally vanquished in the domain of truth, and held in allegiance to it, is to be a conqueror in its service.

It is a dangerous thing for the evil of this world when the truth gets intrenched in the moral sense. It is not enough that it carry a man's intelligence. Moral realities do not get very deep root in the soil of the mind alone. Convince and persuade a man, and he may not remain convinced or persuaded. The truth must get below the mind and below emotion, that only transiently dominates the will. But it has won a great victory when it gets hold of the conscience and wins men to its intelligent service. It makes valiant men of them. When a man invests with moral sacredness what he holds for truth, he will maintain it against all comers and will advance with it in the face of all opposition.

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Men do not sacrifice much for, nor stand by, what they hold indifferently. They stand for the truth only when it takes vital hold of them. It is a respectable thing to think correctly, and, indeed, it is a safe thing to hold correct theories, for they are likely to work themselves out in practical life. But the quality of correctness is not enough. Living things hold by the root, and they need good soil. Rational moral soil is the only soil that is fit for the truth one holds with tenacity and defends with courage. He who turns his back upon what he professes to believe and honor, and plays the coward, demonstrates that it has taken but little hold of the vital part of him.

We in this easy-going age demonstrate that we have lost all genuine sympathy with the days of supremest moral grandeur—have lost capacity for courageous and heroic moral witnessing, in so far as we permit the most

human life to become open questions and play fast and loose in our allegiance to them. The virtue of humility is a Christian virtue, but it is a humility that should be matched by heroic and aggressive boldness.

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We hear much in the New Testament [illegible] That was a brave church that apostolic church. This boldness took the form of free and open utterance and of action corresponding. It was the boldness that says it all out freely, fully, uncompromisingly, without fear or favor, whether men [illegible] and whatever the [illegible] conviction was simply to obey God. They did not stop to balance dangers against duties. They spoke and acted and took the consequences, and they won a victory unmatched in human history. It was not temporizing, it was not political trimming, it was not partisan cowardice, that founded Christianity. Nor is it that sort of moral imbecility that shall perpetuate it. Christian men will never be influential, they will never be respectable, without [illegible]

Strength is what this world is looking for and what it is sure to respect. It is moral strength that is bound to rule this world, and it is what the world needs to-day. There a loud call to-day for the pluck of [illegible] fashioned, manly men. Before the political Pontius Pilates of our age we need living witnesses of Him who, in the presence of their great prototype, witnessed his good confession. "To this end was I born, and to this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth."

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The world will never be won to righteousness by surrendering at discretion to its dominant spirit. The moral conqueror of this world should not be sacrificed to it by those who undertake to represent him. Christ does not know the man, and will repudiate him, who sacrifices Him and His cause to His old enemy. Above the iron doors of an "ample house" spoken of in Spenser's Faerie Queene stand three inscriptions. Over the first the words "Be bold." Over the second, "much fayrer than the former, and richlier," was "likewise writ, 'Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold.'" And on the third, "Be not too bold."

Not too bold; not shallow audacity, the sober courage of strong moral conviction—this is Christian courage, and this is what the world needs to-day. What a man holds to be true and right let him hold truly and courageously, let him be willing to fight for it. We want no half-hearted, half-souled, or double-minded religion. Away with a lack-adaisical piety! Religion must be manly. If it tolerate moral imbecility it will not win respect. The man whose religion is strapped up by moral conviction will add to it the virtue of a manly courage.

3. A rational devotion also lies at the foundation of strong and courageous character. Devotion implies an object to be attained, upon which one concentrates his energies. There is a goal to be reached. It lies beyond all intervening obstacle, difficulty, or danger, and to reach it one concentrates effort upon it.

Any sort of devotion, even the commonest, involves a rallying of one's personal forces about a central and commanding purpose to reach the desired object at all hazard and despite every difficulty. In fact, what is courage but devotion to a desired object in the face of all obstacles? The man in ordinary secular life who makes all struggle for the attainment of his object conditional upon the personal ease or comfort with which he can do it, or who has no object at all that he is willing to put the other side of whatever difficulties may arise, and has no dominant purpose with respect to any supreme object whatever, is a moral imbecile, he is a man without moral life and character.

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A man may be thrown back, and battled, and confused by some sudden stroke of calamity, but if he be a man his manhood [illegible] barriers and start again. Imbecility in the presence of difficulty is moral cowardice. Think of a business or professional man or a [illegible] tional upon getting on without loss, or upon having an easy time of it! He who puts his aim this side of all difficulty, and surrenders when difficulty comes, will not reach very far or very high in this world's affairs.

Now all concentrated and persistent effort in the work of life must rally about this central purpose, and this purpose will success [illegible] along the entire life path. Such a life must be a strong and courageous life. It is the life of one who puts the object of his striving far over and beyond the farthest mountain peak of earthly difficulty and who has an [illegible] reach the goal of life is a species of devotion.

But Christian devotion involves another factor, which in reality is its chief characteristic. It is the personal factor. It is the

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST Series represent practical, direct, and thoughtful treatments of vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon is taken from The Culture of Christian Manhood. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. The sermons in the series are:

[illegible]	[illegible]	by Henry Drummond	May 28
II	Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III	Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV	The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V	The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI	The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII	Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.,	July 23
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
XI	Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug 27
XII	What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept 3
XIII	The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept 10
XIV	Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D. D.,	Sept 17
XV	Courage in Common Life,	by Lewis O. Brastow, D. D.,	Oct. 1

devotion of personal love and loyalty to Jesus Christ. The strength and courage of Christian devotion are more than a consecrated purpose to realize the ethical ends of the Christian life. It is a purpose that centres in personal love and allegiance to Him who is Himself the source and the inspiration, the pattern and the end of all Christian life. He, only, can determine the objects for which His disciple may live. In Him alone is the spring and the motive and the guidance we need in reaching the object He sets before us, and the strength of devotion will depend on the personal relation. The aim of life can never be reached without love for personal beings. We know this in the experiences of common life. The moral life is dependent on personal relations.

It is preëminently true in the higher domain of religion. The constraint of Christ's love is the heart of Christian devotion. And what is Christian courage but the soul's trusting and loving self-preservation for the tasks of life, in face of all difficulty and obstacle and danger, out of a sentiment and principle of gratitude to Him who is of right the Lord and Master of life?

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4. To a rational faith, conviction and devotion there should be added a rational hope as the crown and completion of a strong and courageous Christian life. What we strive for must be attainable in some measure and form at least, or strength and courage would fail. All over the field men would drop and rise no more. The powers of manhood would fail, and the end would be a universal wail of despair. Nothing would remain but the abyss of ruin to demonstrate that life is poisoned fatally at the root, that the heart of the universe is evil, and that existence is a gigantic failure and mockery.

God put desire and strength and confidence into the soul of man for the battle of life. Desire of the good, or what seems the good, consciousness of personal strength, and confidence in the universe without or in what lies under it, one or both—these are the elements of his equipment for the conflict, and out of these hope is born. You want the good as your portion; you believe in the force God has lodged in you with reference to its attainment; you believe in the world in which you live; or, better still, as crowning and completing all and as holding the key of all mystery, you believe in the God that made the world and set your life in its environment. Therefore you hope, and therefore you have more courage for the battle of life.

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And there is always an abundant stock of hope on hand for the world at large. The heart of man in a struggling life is demonstration that good lies behind and before. That it is possible amid life's mountain barriers is intimation that good is the law of life and good its final goal.

It is the outreach of man's prophetic soul after the good that is obscured by the shadows of life and barred by its contradictions. It is mightier than all obstacles, brightening above the glare of consuming flames, buoying amid devouring floods, singing amid the groanings of the flesh, exalting itself in the faintings of sorrow, strong in infirmity, triumphing in defeat, and living in the agonies of death. What a world it is, and what a life is this human life! If this small fragment of it were the end, it sometimes seems as if no power of last defeat could crush the energies of this strange, struggling creature, man. It is clear enough that the world was built for conquest by him.

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But it was built, too, for moral conquest, and what we need is hope for moral conquest. To conquer the world is not to conquer the untrained forces of the soul, nor to conquer sin, nor to conquer death. We are conquering the material world in this nation of ours, but materialism and animalism and sordid selfishness are conquering us. But not all men are conquering in the battle of material life. The notes of discontent all about us are bodeful. They may portend the desolation of a coming tempest. Many give up the struggle. What shall we do with the baffled? Is it not the larger number with whom the world goes ill? There is a little joyous section of this struggling world, weighted with the common sorrows, but joyful still, that for almost nineteen centuries has been singing the song of hope to keep the weary brotherhood and sisterhood in heart.

The hope that is earth-born is not enough. The true goal of life is "where, beyond these voices, there is peace." We need a divine hand to tear away the darkness of life and disclose the crown that glitters for the conqueror amid the glories of the perfected kingdom of redemption. The song of the redemption hope is a new song for earth.

Courage for the moral conflict of life, courage to meet the power of sin and of the last great enemy, is the courage of Christian hope. The voice of the resurrection hope has been lifted in the darkness and suffering of earth. What Christ has done for the courage of the world by his revelation of the hope of eternal life for the weary of earth no human intelligence can estimate.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

Number XXXII

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

By the Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

With a Drawing by JUSTICE

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and Abbot, and Prior were there;
Many a Monk, and many a Friar,
Many a Knight, and many a 'Squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee,
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

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In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, the rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face of his Lordship's Grace
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the Priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing boys—dear little souls!—
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flowed between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne:
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

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The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
The little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, and a dence of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about.
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The Friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates—
They turn up the rugs—they examine the mugs—
But no!—no such thing—they can't find the ring!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

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The Cardinal rose, with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way—
His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That heedless of grammar, they all cried,
"That's him!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the Monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
When the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks and the straw
Was the ring in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

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Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—
When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd:
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads,
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

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He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
The conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

"NEVER WAS HEARD SUCH A TERRIBLE CURSE!"

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

General Wheeler, the Army's Idol Major-General "Joe" Wheeler, whom the public has learned to respect even more since he became Commander at Camp Wikoff, was past the mark of middle life before most of the soldiers now in the Army were born. Yet his step is springy, and he apparently defies the advance of years. The old Southern General, too, has a manner exceedingly gracious and devoid of all affectation. He has been easily one of the most popular officers in the Army. There is not a soldier in the ranks nor an officer on horseback who does not respect and believe in General Joe Wheeler.

If any evidence were wanting of the change this war has made in the sentiment of the North toward the South it is to be had in the record of General Wheeler.

He has done more to wipe out the old shadow of prejudice against the men who fought for the lost cause than any one else in the Army of to-day. How he has done it is realized by all who meet him. It was not by conscious effort. It does not appear that General Wheeler does anything for effect. What he does he seems to do from pure impulse, and the effect is all the better.

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Walter Besant's Sound Reasoning The proposed Anglo-American alliance was bound to furnish a topic of interest to American and English novelists to whom an increased feeling of friendliness would inevitably mean an enlarged market, and many writers of minor note hastened to indorse the proposal publicly. But no opinion on the subject, whether given by statesman or strategist, was sounder than that given by the eminent English novelist, Walter Besant, in a letter to a friend in New York. He says:

"We should aim at the exercise of a steady, unremitting force or influence in favor of friendliness. The first result should certainly be a more restrained tone in the press and an increase of courtesy in speaking of the United States. I think that what is wanted first and foremost is that we should try to understand each other's point of view, and should begin, at least, as we do in private life, by thinking the best possible of each other as regards motives, not judging from actions alone."

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George Frederick Watts and His Peasant Students George Frederick Watts, the well-known English artist, is now engaged in a rather unusual line of activity. The artist's residence is at Compton Moor, in Surrey, and there he and his wife are carrying out a new kind of practical usefulness. There is a chapel to be built at Compton Moor, and under the supervision of the artist and his wife the villagers are working up his plan for the building. For some time past the country folk have been taught to carve in wood, to fashion iron and to model in clay so that their handiwork may be found useful in the decoration of the little chapel.

Mr. Watts gives little evidence of his advanced age, although he is now eighty-one years old. His mental and even his physical activity are remarkable. His first exhibition at the Royal Academy was in 1837, and it was only two years ago that he retired from active life and laid down his palette.

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Miss Denio Honored by Heidelberg University Miss Elizabeth H. Denio, for eighteen years instructor and professor at Wellesley College, has been promoted by the University of Heidelberg to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *multa cum laude*. The number of women who have received this distinction from the German universities is not yet so great but that each one is subject of special congratulation. Doctor Denio has been so honorably connected with women's collegiate education at Mt. Holyoke, Vassar and Wellesley, in this country, and has done so much pioneer work in helping on the cause of the women at the German universities, that her success is a special satisfaction.

In 1883-'85 she was the first woman as "guest" in the lecture-room of the famous Germanist, Professor Zaruecke, and of Professor Springer, the art authority so well known to travelers from his art introductions to Baedecker's guide books. She gained this privilege by personal appeal, and won such respect for her scholarship that her professors thought it worth while that hers should be made a test case. The Philosophical Faculty were too conservative, and voted, as it was stated, not against her and her work, which they called good, but against granting degrees to women; and they have not yet been granted.

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Viscount Halifax to Visit America It is announced that the Right Honorable Viscount Halifax, the leader of the High Church party in England, is to visit America this fall and deliver a series of lectures in our principal cities. Lord Halifax is one of the most conspicuous members of the House of Lords, and has always been foremost in asserting the rights and privileges of the church. At present he is the President of the English Church Union, a society of over 40,000 members, pledged to defend the Church of England and especially to oppose by every means in their power her disestablishment.

It was Lord Halifax who some years ago went to Rome on a mission for the advancement of the unity of the Churches of England and Rome, and whose interview with the Pope was so freely discussed in the ecclesiastical papers at the time. His mission failed to accomplish its purpose, chiefly, it was thought by many, on account of the influence of English Roman Catholics at the Vatican, who were deeply opposed to any unity between the two churches. From 1862 to 1870 Lord Halifax, as the Hon. Charles Lindley Wood, was groom of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales stood sponser for one of his daughters. He is also one of the ecclesiastical commissioners for England.

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How a Slave Became Empress of China The fact that the Empress Dowager of China has again taken active part in the affairs of that nation calls public attention to one of the few women who rule vast Empires. Disappointed in the weakness of her son, she has again openly taken into her own hands the reins of power which she has long held in reality.

The Empress Tuen is shrewd and sagacious. When a little girl she was sold by her father as a slave, in order to provide food for her starving parents. As a slave she was taught weaving, and wove a beautiful robe for the Viceroy, who was so delighted that he promised to gratify any wish of hers. She begged to be taught to read. This was granted her, and in time she was adopted by the Viceroy.

Later she became the favorite slave of the Emperor, and afterward his wife. When the Empress Consort died she was declared Empress of China. It is said that, for saving a drowning man's life, she gave a ring to a bright youth of the lower class. That young man was Li Hung Chang, who has become so great a figure in China's history.

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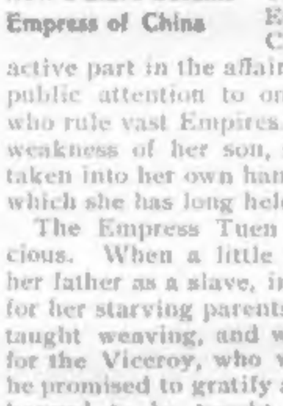
Commissioner F. W. Peck, Moses P. Handy's Successor Ferdinand W. Peck, who was recently appointed United States Commissioner-General at the Paris Exposition of 1900, to succeed the late Moses P. Handy, is a native of Chicago. He has been prominently identified with all the important phases of Chicago life, and is a man of wide travel and culture.



He was one of the leading directors of the World's Fair, and the projector and chief stockholder of the Auditorium building. The family estate, which he administers, comprises extensive holdings in valuable downtown business property. His father was one of the pioneer residents of Chicago.

It was through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Peck that Chicago was selected as the site of the World's Fair of 1893. At the time that the discussion was being held, only three cities were seriously considered—Philadelphia, Chicago and New York. Philadelphia was only half-hearted in its desire to obtain the Fair, and, besides, the Centennial Exhibition had been held here, so the choice finally narrowed down to New York and Chicago.

The contest grew quite spirited, and after a member of the Chicago delegation had made an impassioned plea in favor of his home city a member of the New York delegation arose and declared that $5,000,000 would be necessary to carry the project to a successful issue, hence Chicago was out of the question—implying that such a sum could not be raised by the Windy City.

In reply, Mr. Peck deliberately arose and in a slow, decided way, said: "Mr. Chairman, I will personally guarantee $5,000,000." The words fell like a thunderbolt. Every one there knew Peck meant what he said, and could pay the amount. It ended, as every one knows, in the Fair being held in Chicago.

Mr. Peck is very quiet and unassuming. He has none of the Western bluster and brag. He is of medium height, has brown hair, and reminds one somewhat of John D. Rockefeller, in his appearance. As our Commissioner at Paris he will see to it that the United States will get the best possible showing, and although the space is limited he will see that our exhibit is creditable.

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Christine Nilsson, the Once Famous Singer Comparatively little is now heard of the once-famous singer, Christine Nilsson, but it may be interesting to many of her old admirers to know that she has just passed her fifty-fifth birthday. Strange to say, in the year 1843 another world-famed singer was born, Madame Patti.

Madame Nilsson, or Countess De Miranda, as she now is, was the daughter of a Swedish farmer, and she learned her notes from that great master—Nature. With her fiddler brother she went to the local fairs to perform, and it was on one of these occasions, in 1857, that the incident of her life happened.

Her extraordinary powers attracted the attention of a magistrate named Tornerhjelm, who, good man that he was, rescued her from this vagrant life and placed her at a local school, and then sent her to Stockholm and Paris for the perfecting of her singing.

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Hiram Maxim Now Our Visitor Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the first rapid-fire gun, who is making a short visit to this country, is a man nearing his three-score years. But he has lost little of his youthful fire and energy. He has brought with him some five hundred lantern slides, illustrating among other things his success in studying the question of mechanical flight through the air.

Mr. Maxim was born in this country, and spent much of his early life here. He naturally possesses great love for America, and deeply resents the implication that he sold to the Spanish some death dealing materials for use in the recent war. He was also largely instrumental in changing public opinion in England regarding the destruction of the Maine. It was widely believed at first that the explosion was an accident, but by open letters sent to several prominent London papers he proceeded to show that it could only have been the result of an outside explosion. His letters called forth editorial discussion, and as a result it gradually dawned on the English public that the catastrophe was the result of Spanish intrigue.

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When Sagasta Made the Speech of His Life The following picture of Sagasta, the Spanish premier, as he appeared in a fierce debate in the Cortes ten years ago, during his first premiership, is reprinted (from its files) by the Evangelist:

"The debate, which had been in progress for three or four hours, was now at its height. The Cortes was in a state of excitement. Castelar arose from his seat and moved round to the chair of the President, and for the moment we thought he was watching for an opportunity to speak. But after a few minutes he returned to his place, leaving the debate to be ended by him to whom it rightly belonged, the Prime Minister, Sagasta.

"All the evening I had been watching the face of this man, who holds in his hands at this moment the Government of Spain. He has a Jewish cast of countenance, and perhaps has Jewish blood in his veins, as there is Jewish blood everywhere in Spain. He is not tall, but lank, and, if it were not an uncourtly word to apply to a Prime Minister, we might almost say 'raw-boned.' His figure is so awkward and angular that he made me think of Abraham Lincoln, and he has a truly Lincolnian way of sprawling over the desk in front of him. He had a heavy, wearied look. But when he rose to his feet, every trace of fatigue had vanished.

"Straightening himself up, as Lincoln might have done, he stood with folded arms, looking at his assailants with an air of disdain. The lion was at bay. After pausing for a few moments, he unloosed his arms, and soon began to strike as the smith strikes the anvil, bringing his hands down with violence on the desk before him, as if to clench his argument. He made no weak apology for failures, but defended the action of the Government as the only wise, and, indeed, the only possible, course for it to pursue. To show this, he drew a picture of the difficulties through which it had lately passed.

"The King died a year ago, leaving the nation without a head. For months they knew not who was to be his successor, for the child that was to be heir to the throne was not yet born. What a state of uncertainty and perplexity to tempt malcontents to seek some advantage from the calamities of their country!

"And yet, in spite of all this, the Government had held on its way, maintaining peace at home and abroad—putting down insurrection when it showed its head, and was strong enough to pardon the miserable conspirators without danger to the State. He closed by a picture of the widowed Queen, drawing to her all hearts by the dignity with which she bore her great sorrow, and carrying in her arms the young life that was the hope of Spain.

"This last allusion, of course, touched the Spanish heart in its tenderest point, and the house broke out into tumultuous applause, in which the Prime Minister resumed his seat. Immediately the Chamber arose, for anything would have been tame after such a display."

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Borchgrevink Seeks the South Pole Carsten Egebrey Borchgrevink, the first man to set foot on that portion of Antarctic land discovered in 1841 by Sir James Ross and named Victoria Land, has just left England in an effort to locate the South Pole. The expedition, fitted out by Sir George Newnes, includes thirty persons in all, and the good ship Southern Cross will make directly for Cape Adair.

Herr Borchgrevink, the leader of the expedition, was born at Christiania in 1864. In time he became a science master, but he was disappointed with his position, and later made a voyage in a whaling vessel to the Antarctic regions. The party effected a landing at Cape Adair. It took thirty-eight days' working to make the passage through the pack ice, and then they came into a clear, smooth, open expanse of sea. At last they reached seventy-four degrees south, and then returned and landed at Cape Adair, in Victoria Land, the party being the first human beings to ever set foot on that territory.

After the experiences undergone, Herr Borchgrevink came to the conclusion that a ship could safely winter at Cape Adair, and with the aid of dogs it would be quite possible for an expedition to work from there to the South magnetic pole, to reach which point they would only have to travel as the crow flies 1200 miles. Further, his own view was that this great untrodden continent probably extended over an area of 6,000,000 square miles, or twice the size of Europe, and he should expect to find there many specimens of animal life hitherto unknown.

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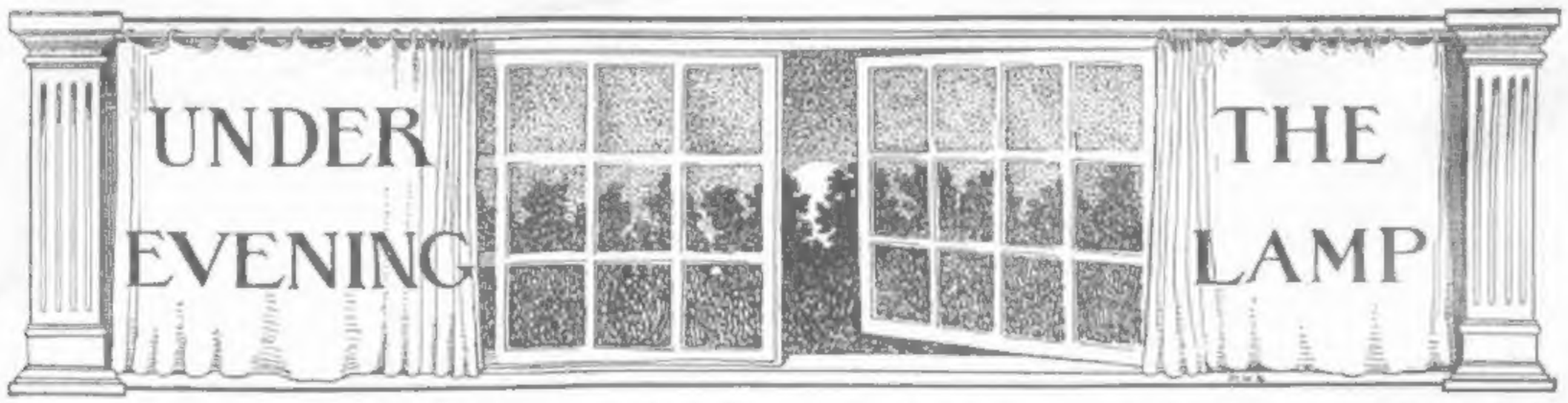
The Strange Case of Captain Dreyfus Albert Dreyfus, one of several sons of a wealthy Jewish family, was born in Mulhouse, Alsace, October 8, 1859, and after the Franco-Prussian war, decided to retain his French nationality. He received a superior technical education, and entered the artillery corps of the Army, where his professional attainments brought him rapid promotion, and an appointment to the General Staff, at Paris.

Late in 1894 he was charged with treason in having delivered copies of important military documents to an officer of the German Embassy in Paris. He was tried, pronounced guilty, and on January 5, 1895, despite his protestations of innocence, was publicly degraded in Paris, and then taken to a fortress for life imprisonment.

An agitation in his favor was at once begun by his friends, who claimed that he was the victim of a military conspiracy and had been convicted on perjured testimony and forged writings. The German Premier and a Vice-President of the French Senate declared him innocent, and M. Zola, the distinguished author, was tried and condemned for having specifically charged conspiracy on the part of military officers and maladministration of justice in the trial of Dreyfus.



HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Eating by the Alphabet

"HAVE you got anything here beginning with 'k' that's good to eat?" inquired a new customer at a well-known local delicacy market, says the Buffalo Express. "How will pickled kidneys answer?" replied the clerk after a moment's thought. "First rate. Give me a dozen cans. The kitten's life is saved," exclaimed the strange patron with enthusiasm. "I told my wife," he continued, "that if I failed to send home a kangaroo, dead or alive, before two o'clock, I should expect to find the kitten served up for supper in the latest Chinese style.

"But you have saved her. You see, we all got tired of eating the same things day after day, and so last month we agreed that during December we would eat up (or rather down) the alphabet, taking one letter a day, with bread, potatoes, tea and coffee thrown in as staples. So December 1 we inaugurated the dietary system, with a bill-of-fare consisting of apples in many forms, apricots pickled, asparagus, almonds and the staples.

"The next day's menu was beef, beans, biscuits, buttermilk, bacon and bon bons. The following day we feasted on chicken, codfish balls, clams, celery, cucumbers fifty cents each, crabs, cheese, cake, crackers, crullers, carrots, canned currants, canned cherries, citron, catsup and candy.

"So it has gone on. The fifth day would have been a fast day had it not been for eggs, but we made an Easter of it. Yesterday we dined, breakfasted and supped chiefly on jelli jellies. To-day your kidney suggestion saves us from starvation, while to-morrow we will grow fat on liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc. A queer thing about our new food departure is the number of things it has put in our mouths which none of us had ever tasted or ever thought of before."

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The Story of Cuba's Flag

DR. JOHN GUITERAS, of the University of Pennsylvania, celebrated as a physician and as the Pennsylvania representative of the Cuban junta, not long ago gave an explanation of the meaning and origin of the Cuban flag.

Gen. Narcisso Lopez, sometime officer in the Spanish Army, afterward revolutionist and filibuster, first championed the cause of Cuba Libre. Though born in Venezuela, Lopez loved his adopted people. Seeing the oppression and misery under which they groaned, he resigned his commission in the ranks of Spain and came to the United States. Here he secretly organized an expedition with which to conquer the Pearl of the Antilles and free it from the heavy yoke of the mother country.

The flag was designed by General Lopez in 1851, when, for the second time, he invaded Cuba. It was first raised at Cardenas in that same year. The five stripes stand for the five departments into which Cuba was then divided. The colors of the American flag and the lone star were adopted because this movement of General Lopez had some tendency to annexation.

Texas, formerly the Lone Star State, had been admitted into the Union six years before. The Cuban flag indicated the General's wish that this lone star, new risen, should soon, alas, be placed among the others on the glorious ensign of the United States. When Lopez was asked why he had placed the star on a red field instead of on a blue, he said: "I want to be a rebel in everything, even against heraldry." The original designs and the first Cuban flag ever made are at present in possession of M. A. Villaverde, a Cuban patriot, of New York.

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The Smallest Book in the World

THE smallest book in the world is precisely five-eighths of an inch long, seven-sixteenths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick, says the New York Journal. It contains two hundred and five pages of the very finest type imaginable.

The point of a pin would cover a letter, and a magnifying glass is necessary for anything like reading. Charles Scribner's Sons have a copy of this wonderful little volume, which is kept in an envelope in the safe to insure its safe keeping. It was printed in Padua, Italy, in 1896, and is a reprint of an Italian article on Galileo, printed originally in 1659. It is only a curiosity, but as such it outdoes all previous attempts at making small books, "thumb books" as they are called, for they are no larger than your thumb.

This little book has nine lines printed on each page, with from fifteen to twenty letters on a line, that is, one, two, or at most, three words. Yet it is so carefully devised with margins that the letters do not seem unduly small, and you rub your eyes, wondering why you can't read it. Unless you see the book you can hardly form an idea of its size.

It is so very small that it will not cover a dime. When placed upon a copper cent it leaves much of the cent uncovered. Two such books placed on a silver quarter will not quite cover it, and three of them seem to make a curious triangle on a half dollar. You could cut three leaves for this book out of a two-cent stamp. All of the paper in the two hundred and five pages could be cut out of about one-third of a square foot of paper. One page of an ordinary octavo volume would furnish enough paper to print the book and half of another like it.

The compositor who set the type for this remarkable volume had to use a magnifying glass to pick out the letters. These letters were all specially cast for the printing of this book; special ink and paper had to be used, and the press work required the greatest care at each impression. The book does not weigh more than a quarter of an ounce. The price is $7.50, so it is actually worth more than its weight in gold.

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Every Animal Its Own Doctor

ANIMALS get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever, drink water, and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennæ of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths.

If a chimpanzee is wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hands on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of his teeth. A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment of rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

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When the Weak Go to the Wall

THE Eskimos dread the winter, and take early precautions to provide against famine. As the season approaches, the great herds of reindeer migrate southward, and the walrus or the seal are all that remain to use for food.

When an in-wind is blowing the walrus is easily found on the outer edge of the ice-packs. When it is blowing off the shore, however, the ice-pack sails out to sea with the walruses on them. The natives then class their numbers in a list, from the strongest to the weakest. The food that is in store is divided up, the weakest having the smallest quantity, the strongest the largest. Thus the mightiest hunters have strength to provide for the others.

It is a cruel system, but, nevertheless, a necessary one. If all were weak, all would die; if some are strong, they will save many of the weak as well as themselves.

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A Valuable but Deadly Ring

A CURIOUS sight may be seen in one of the most frequented parks of Madrid. This is nothing less than a valuable ring, studded with diamonds and pearls, which hangs suspended to a silken cord round the neck of a statue. Thousands of people pass it every day and admire its beauty, but the greatest thief in Spain would not even touch it. It is believed to deal out death to the person to whom it belongs.

The ring was specially made for the late Alfonso XII, who gave it to his cousin Mercedes on the day of their betrothal. On the day of her death it passed into the possession of the King's grandmother, Queen Christina. Three months afterward she died. The King passed on the deadly ring to his sister, who died a month after she received it. The King then placed the jewel in his own casket of precious relics, and lived less than a year after he had done so.

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The Dangers of a Little Learning

A CERTAIN school teacher, whose sense of humor is developed to a remarkable degree, goes to the trouble, occasionally, of writing down for her own use some of the funniest answers which she finds in her examination papers. By especial favor, says a writer in the Syracuse Post, I have been allowed to use a few of the answers which she made note of. Here they are:

"The stomach is the most diluted portion of the elementary canal."

"Hygene is all that you can tell about that which is asked."

"The doctrine of evolution began with the beginning of life, and grew higher and higher, until it regenerated into monkey. This process was slow—so slow that neither the monkey nor the man knew anything about it."

"A germ is a name applied to a particular particle, tiny subbacterial organism, which, when demonstrated, causes disease."

"A germ is a tiny insect or bug sometimes found in diseases or organs; that is why diseases are contagious. It is so small that it can be seen only with a telescope. Then it appears like the head of a pin, but it goes floating around into the atmosphere."

"Habeas corpus means you may have the head, and I will take the rest of the body."

"The germ theory of diseases is continually floating around in the air, and is very dangerous, especially when the atmosphere is unwholesome."

"Queen Elizabeth's reign was the reign of posterity."

"William Pitt, the second son of the Earl of Chatham, Premier of England, entered life at a very early age, which office he held at a very early period in life, the time when most men are just completing a professional education."

"A dowager is a widow without joints."

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When Their Hearts Were Full

OVERHEAD glittered the stars of a cloudless sky in June, and the full moon beamed enchantingly on a landscape in repose. Not a breath ruffled the leaves of the trees, says the chronicler in the Chicago Tribune, that lined the avenue along which Bolivar Pyke and Buenavista McCorkle were wending their way slowly homeward from a meeting of the Gyrogeosophistical Society. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the romantic frog pond on the left, in whose bosom was mirrored the glorious firmament, and not a sound came from the suburban farmhouse on the right, whose inmates were sleeping the deep sleep of deliverance from the trials and labors which beset them by day.

"Bolivar!" exclaimed the maiden, as something by the roadside reflecting the pale radiance of the moonbeams caught her eye, "what is that on the ground?"

The young man stooped and looked at it.

"It's nothing but a snail, Buenavista," he said. "The beauty of the night has tempted it forth. It is a wonder," he continued dreamily, "that all animate nature is not out for a moonlight stroll. The night is too lovely to be spent indoors, even in restful slumber that tired Nature exacts after a day of incessant toil."

The enjoyment of the wondrous loveliness of the evening seemed too deep for words, however, and in silence the young people proceeded slowly on their way, communing only in that voiceless yet eloquent language that expresses itself in a glance of the eye, a pressure of the hand, or a softly breathed sigh.

Long had they walked on thus in ecstatic silence, when the gentle girl again spoke.

"Bolivar," she said, "I think I see another snail there on the ground."

The young man stooped to inspect it. Raising himself and slightly quickening his faltering steps, he said:

"No, Buenavista; it is the same snail."

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MY ANNOYING REPUTATION

By G. S. STREET

I AM willing to bear with resignation the ordinary lot of mortal man. Amateur theatricals, healthy walks, bilious suppers, and uneducated regenerators—I take them as they come in the day's work. But when I find myself saddled with a reputation I have done nothing whatever to deserve—a reputation which stands like a wall between me and the love of my fellow-men, and condemns me to everlasting bitterness and boredom—I claim a right to protest against the universe. I am a clown *malgré moi*.

Whence the reputation comes I do not know. I look at myself in the glass, and see the reflection of a sober Englishman, bald and statesmanlike, with no infinite humor nor merry eye about me—a simple, straightforward Saxon. It may be that to others my face seems that of a natural low comedian; I do not know. But I should have thought that even low comedians were allowed their moments of seriousness, allowed to share the sorrow and invite the sympathy of their friends: no such thing is allowed to me.

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Everybody I know is convinced that whatever I say, on whatever occasion, I intend to be funny. You remember the man in Catullus who smiled on every occasion, at pathetic speeches and funerals, and is reminded that nothing is more inept than inept laughter? That is the sort of man I am supposed to be.

Sometimes, even now, a friend will confide his sorrow to me; but he does so with a beseeching look, as who should say: "Do recognize that this is a very serious matter, and don't attempt one of your silly jokes." Then I say something appropriate and sympathetic, and immediately my friend smiles a sickly smile, and says probably that it is no laughing matter to him. All serious talk is hushed when I go into a room, and people sit with grins of painful expectation, many of them obviously bored by having to leave an interesting subject for inane laughter. If a genuinely funny man is there, they think me merely a tedious anti-climax.

Moreover, I am not allowed to have any sorrows of my own; they are supposed to be invented for other people's amusement. A woman I know nearly had a fit when I told her how I had fallen off an omnibus. I think if my wife were to elope, this friend would laugh herself into apoplexy. I told a man the other day that my aunt Rebecca was dead—told him quite simply; he roared with laughter, and then rebuked me for making a jest of such things.

I am not only supposed to be destitute of all sympathy with human sorrow, but this reputation of clowning has earned me the reputation also of all uncharitableness.

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Thus, if some pitiful lapse of virtue is mentioned to me, and I find excuse for the sinner, I am supposed to be sarcastic and a mean-minded fellow. I have an enemy whom, nevertheless, I honestly admire; if I praise him, I am thought sarcastic again, and again mean-minded.

I am supposed to be not only a clown, but a stupid clown. But I put it to you: if every trivial and commonplace remark you made were criticised from the point of view of its being meant as a joke, could not you, too, be thought stupid? The wittiest man alive would not stand such an ordeal. A remark about the weather, or about the political situation, an opinion on the newest religion, or the latest play—anything I say is regarded as an attempted joke, and received with maddening indulgence.

And yet I solemnly protest to you I have never seriously made a joke in my life. I remember in early youth upsetting a cup of tea in my hat, and another time bumping my head against a hanging lamp. These are the only funny things that I have ever consciously done, and it is surely hard if they are responsible for a reputation which has made me the most miserable man in London.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This bright little sketch entitled, My Annoying Reputation, is taken from Some Notes of a Struggling Genius, by G. S. Street. Published by John Lane, New York.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

The Wonderful Century: Its successes and its failures, by Alfred Russel Wallace.—That one lays down this book with a feeling of disappointment is due largely to the fact that its title-page announces a theme which is too large for successful treatment by any one man or in any one book. We look through it in vain for mention of some of the proudest achievements of the century; and the record of its failures, to which three-fifths of the book is devoted, is likewise incomplete. Nor will one reader in ten believe that Mr. Wallace has not debited some items that should have been credited.

Indirectly he refers to this in his preface where he says: "No doubt it will be objected that I have devoted far too much space to them (the failures)—more than half the volume. But this was inevitable for the very obvious reason that, whereas the successes are admitted and had only to be described, the failures are either ignored or denied, and required to be proved."

To American readers, Mr. Wallace is best known by his later socialistic and scientific work, notably the volume which he so generously called Darwinism. His first book of any importance, Travels on the Amazons and Rio Negro, was published as the result of a journey which he made to South America in 1848. Four years he spent there, and later he traveled in the East for eight years, observing and collecting. The Malay Archipelago, published in 1869, was the result of this expedition.

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But between the appearance of these two volumes, in 1858, Mr. Wallace sent to Darwin a memoir on Natural Selection, and this was read before the Linnæan Society, together with passages from a work along similar lines by Darwin himself, which, as early as 1848, he had shown to Dr. Joseph Hooker. It so appeared that Mr. Wallace had formulated quite independently, though at a later date, the same great theory which has since been generally accepted by the scientific world, and fairly earned the title of co-discoverer of Evolution with Darwin.

But to return to Mr. Wallace's latest book: he holds that, "not only is our century superior to any that has gone before it, but that it may be best compared with the whole preceding historical period." Chapters follow on Labor-saving Machinery, the Conveyance of Thought, New Application of Light, Discoveries in Theoretical and Applied Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Evolution and Physiology, each in itself a sufficient theme for a volume. Consequently, there is more brief recapitulation than detailed description, and less color and incident in the chapters than there would have been had the author had greater space for the treatment of the subjects.

One curious discovery in physics, which he notes in passing, is that solids will mix the same as gases. For he says:

"If a cube of lead is placed upon one of gold, the surfaces of contact being very smooth and true, and be left without pressure but its own weight, and at ordinary temperatures, for about a month, a minute quantity of gold will be found to have permeated through the lead, and can be detected in any part of it. Metals may thus be said to flow into each other."

But what is probably the most entertaining chapter in the book, and one which treats a subject of which little is known by the average man, is entitled, the Importance of Dust. It is a clear account of the theory that, to the presence of dust in the air is due the blue of sea and sky, the brilliance of the sunset, and the formation of mist, fog and cloud.

To quote the author's words:

"It is barely twenty years since the discovery was made, first in France by Coulier and Mascart, but more thoroughly worked out by Mr. John Aitkin, in 1880. He found that if a jet of steam is admitted into two large glass receivers, one filled with ordinary air, the other with air which has been filtered through cotton wool so as to keep back all particles of solid matter, the first will be instantly filled with condensed vapor in the usual cloudy form, while the other will remain quite transparent.

"Another experiment was made more nearly reproducing what occurs in nature. Some water was placed in the two vessels prepared as before. When the water had evaporated sufficiently to saturate the air, the vessels were slightly cooled, when a dense cloud was at once formed in the one, while the other remained quite clear. These experiments, and many others, showed that the mere cooling of vapor in the air will not condense it into mist, clouds, or rain, unless particles of solid matter are present as nuclei upon which condensation can begin."

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But it is in the second part of the book, the record of failures, that the reader will find most to interest, and, incidentally, the most food for thought, even if he be inclined to dismiss some of Mr. Wallace's failures as no failures at all. Two of them, the Neglect of Phrenology and the Opposition to Hypnotism and Psychical Research, are rather widely regarded as belonging to the domain of apocryphal science. His principal failure, the one to which he devotes the most space and which he attacks with sledge-hammer blows, is Vaccination. His chapter heading, Vaccination a Delusion: Its Penal Enforcement a Crime, is a pretty clear index to what follows, and which leads Mr. Wallace to conclude that:

"The successive Vaccination Acts were passed by means of allegations which were wholly untrue and promises which have all been unfulfilled. They stand alone in modern legislation as a gross interference with personal liberty and the sanctity of the home; while as an attempt to cheat outraged Nature and to avoid a zymotic disease without getting rid of the foul conditions that produce or propagate it the practice of vaccination is utterly opposed to the whole teaching of sanitary science, and is one of those terrible blunders which, in their far-reaching evil consequences, are worse than crimes."

The other failures considered are Militarism, the Demon of Greed, and the Plunder of the Earth.

Taken as a record of the century, Mr. Wallace's book is, as we have said, disappointing, but as the commentary of one of the century's most brilliant scientists, it is a notable book, and one that thoughtful men should read. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

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Military Europe, by Nelson A. Miles.—The brave and gallant General commanding our Armies, who shares with Lillian Russell the distinction of being the most thoroughly photographed person in the world, has written a book. In this he is simply following the precedents which have obtained in military circles during the past ten years; for nowadays the English General who hasn't tossed off a volume or two between reviews is a very little General, and the medals on his chest are scarcely worth mentioning.

Nor have our own officers been behindhand. If one may judge by the newspapers and magazines, midnight oil is being burned by our Lieutenants and Ensigns in half the barracks between California and Maine. With a fine sense of the fitness of things, they confine their efforts pretty well to short stories and special articles, leaving the more ambitious work, the long novels and the weighty treatises on military matters, to their seasoned seniors, and they, in turn, have conceded an exclusive right to turn out memoirs to the retired officers. Of course, the war has enormously stimulated the interest in military literature, but much of it as we have had during the last few months, now that peace has been declared and our officers have a little leisure, the best, or the worst, is yet to come.

General Miles' book has to do with that little trip which he took for the purpose of observing the Greco-Turkish war. Unhappily, the war ended ingloriously before the General's notebook was full, but the Queen's jubilee, the Russian review, and the German manœuvres supplied the missing matter. And out of it General Miles has made an entertaining book, informing in military matters, but with movement enough to redeem it from the suspicion of dryness.

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It opens with a magnificent full-page picture of the author, and then his travels begin. Leaving Washington on May 4, 1897, he visited Constantinople, Athens, Lamia, London, St. Petersburg, Peterhof, Krasnoe-Selo, Berlin, Essen, Hamburg, and St. Quentin.

Of the Turkish soldiers, he says that they are among the most effective in the world, because they are a strong race, accustomed to labor; because their religion teaches them to believe in an absolute despotism, to live temperately and to die bravely. The term of service, too, is long, and much of it in the past has been active. Osman Pasha reminded General Miles of Grant, and the Sultan received him with mild suavity and talked on all sorts of topics except Armenia.

The account of the Queen's jubilee, where General Miles represented the United States, is graphic, and the author writes entertainingly of the German, Russian and French military manœuvres. But his comments are cautious and tactful.

The volume is splendidly illustrated and handsomely uniformed, if one may use the word in this connection—altogether such a product of the publisher's art as our handsomest and most immaculate General need not be ashamed of. (Published by the Doubleday and McClure Co., New York.)

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